

CAVALCADE

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April, 1952



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A New Cure for Baldness — Page 12



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Cavalcade

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Printed by Lancelotti Newspapers Ltd. Manager's House, Bonaventure for the proprietors, Cavalcade Magazine Pty Ltd, 50 Young Street, Sydney, to which company all manuscripts should be addressed. FRANK J. GARDNER, Editor-in-Chief. Produced by the K. B. Murray Publishing Co. Pty Ltd, Sydney. Publisher, NED E. MURRAY • Editor, JACK FRANKLIN • General Manager, BOB SAITH • Circulation Editor, ALBERT A. MURRAY • Production, WALTER SAVANNAH • Business Manager, WALTER T. CHARLES • President, JOHN WILKINSON • Circulation Manager, BOB SAITH. SPONSOR: Wholesale Distributors, Gordon and Loch, 11 West End, Adelaide.

COLIN A. FITZPATRICK Pty Ltd, 50 Young Street, Sydney, 2012 • KEITH G. MARSHALL, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Cent 3443 • ARTHUR L. SEARBY, 314 Church Street, Sydney, 2000 • GORDON AND LOCH, 11 West End, Adelaide, Cent 2084

THAT FAR YESTERDAY

E. V. TIMMS



More mauling will not help on armed and atomized enemy bent on conquest.

APRIL! The month in which Australia, in 1918, reached full battlehood, when her numbered dead proudly lie in the company of the earth's great.

War is never of the Australian's making, but too often in the brief span of his existence as an Australian, he has walked the bloody path of death and suffering so that his people shall preserve their liberties and their way of life. For however we may

differ among ourselves as to the merits of those liberties, or the worth of any way of life—we still find always shall prefer them to a ruthless subjugation, and the destruction of our race and blood.

April 1914, 1915.

In the early hours of that cool, still morning a great armada of battleships and troop-transports glided slowly over a silent, glaucous sea. The Aus-

tralian and their blood-brothers, the New Zealanders, were moving towards a shadowed coast brushed by the first light of a dawn, crescent moon. Miles to the south the English and the French were also stealthily approaching the landings assigned to them.

No quiet was that sea, so quiet was the day-dream land to the east. But that serenity, broken only by the soft whispering of ships' engines and the wash sweeping the trails, was the prelude to a hell which was to dole the glory due to Anzac.

Anzac? It stood simply, on that dark and fateful morning, for the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. But since that day it has turned the eyes of the whole world to the lands of the Southern Cross. It gave to the peoples of Australia and New Zealand a surge of national pride never before known; it set in later years a standard worthy and faithfully upheld by the men who fought in World War II for the preservation of the same liberties and the same way of life.

The man who glorifies war is a fool. Yet it is paradoxical that to western men (and women) stand such exalted heights of self-sacrifice, of valor, and of manliness. This is true of every nation. The tragedy of humanity is that war—with all its waste, its sacrifices, its costly moments of high valor, its blood and death and suffering—is a pitiful and senseless way of settling the differences between nations.

But there it is! More mauling will not help an armed and determined enemy bent on conquest and the thousands of that conquest! Nothing (even in this atomic age) but armed men will break the path of armed men; nothing but our armed men will, in any foreseeable time, stand between us and retaliation if others are eager to destroy us.

And so, on that April morning long ago, because of this truth, the men of

Anzac came manfully in their ships to meet the Powers that would destroy them. So quickly as the wheel of history spinning in our time that the annals of that day are likely to be our nightmares of tomorrow. Another World War has been fought and now the ever-spinning wheel of destiny will undoubtedly weave strange patterns in the fabric of national alignments and realities.

Men at the great Council tables of the nations are still too conscious of the armed might supporting them, always superimposed on the soft utterances of diplomats can be heard the threatening rasp of steel and hammer now like a greater reverberation over the heads of the national leaders and their peoples in the steam-bunk.

That it will never be used while is the fervent prayer of all sane men, but, it has been used . . . and there are still men who, in the ultimate moments of bitter conflict, see not even.

But the steam-bunk was far away on that far yesterday when the Anzac met the brave and stubborn Turk; the most brilliant and inventive scientific minds had not been furnished their fine achievements by finding a military weapon that would bring slaughter and holocaust to whole cities in one devastating moment of horror. That unalloyable contribution to mankind's terror and unhappiness was yet to come.

War—total warfare—was just beginning in 1918, and the monstrous conception came out of Germany—modern Germany—who decided to tread the pagan paths of the barbarous Huns and Goths in the belief that the sufferings of infants and old people would bring paralyzing terror and so hasten victory.

It seems there are minds to-day who believe the steam-bunk Quasimodo is a modern scientific marvel is not so

MAN-Beet-Dee Department

Mr. Demetrio Gomez, of San Antonio, Texas (U.S.), civilian employee at Kelly on base, was placidly returning home when a rifleman hit him on the leg, immediately began to writhe in more convulsions, finally fell for 15 feet, and collapsed stone dead. Explained Demetrio monotonously: "I handle a lot of machine pistols, a deadly poison, at the plant, I've gradually built up an immunity to it, the rifleman back!"

barbarous as a row of sharpened wooden stakes driven through metal helmets. Actually, we should apologize to the Allies, the Allies, and the Christian Church of old, for among the machines of to-day are the more ruthless and explicable men.

It was to meet and defeat the ruthless and explicable men of the Central Powers that the Allies, that April morning, moved so quietly towards Gallipoli. The men of Anzac were attacking them to defend their homeland; for, should they fail, then their country would send the lands they loved.

They were young men—brawny with veterans among them—and they were tough and newly-trained. Their frames were lean, the hot winds of Egypt had stripped the fat off them. They were determined men, but their fighting qualities were unknown as the ships moved in to the shore. And on them crowded ships no man could say whether he would be alive or dead at the end of the day.

Back upon deck they stood, silent, every one a volunteer, waiting for the

hour. Their thoughts? Who can tell at such a time? Undoubtedly in their moments before the actual onset of their thoughts went back to earth lands, to wide plains and rivers where the red-guns threw daggered shadows, to glimmering beaches and floating breakers, to farms and stations and crowded city streets. Yet what would that day bring to them?

That we now know. The Landing on Gallipoli was made in country such (a) once when they were recruited. The enemy was before them, the sea at their backs. It was the same for the English and French attacking in the north. There could be no retreat. That far yesterday! Somewhere in the dark with a warning light shown, the Turk was alerted; but the 1st Brigade of the Australian First Division kept from the landing boats and cleared the way with bullet and bayonet.

Strings of boats, filled with black-clad Anzacs, being towed to a little beach under stinging hills; great transports spawning men out of their decks into more boats, men, heavily weighted down with arms and ammunition, descending a hundred rope ladders to the decks of destroyers, iron barges being lowered and filled with stores, warships speeding up with flaming guns on the ridges and plateaus and on the foot of Gaba Tepe a mile or so to the north, the hills now showing the puff and burst of Turkish shells as rifle-fire and the noise of machine-guns rose in a roar of sound.

The morning sun brightened on the shore of Gallipoli—razed, broken, with an oblique, twisting gulf and valleys running under abrupt hills and sheer cliffs. The scent of sage was heavy on the air, soon to be mingled with the stench of cordite and blood.

And with the rising sun the rage of battle mounted. Ours became hot as the tangled country; hostilities be-

came mixed but as they went. The toll of the wounded and dead steadily mounted. Deep and rolling now was the thunder from the warships' guns. The Turkish fort of Gaba Tepe, south of Anzac Cove, was smothered under hurrying shells from the cruiser "Hastings," but every now and then a smoking Turkish gun would send its defiant shell screaming towards the landing beaches and the ships close by.

Imagine it, if you can. A bright, sunny Sunday, a calm blue sea. Just off the coast the rusty transports, still discharging men and guns.

When afternoon came, many had died. Many hundreds were dead; hundreds more wounded. High water had taken them to meet their fate—low and thick above the corralled edges meant the Turkish shrapnel, their machine-guns cut the beaches above the crests of the Victoria. These Turkish guns seemed to have the odds and gullies with back; but it was night, not the deadly Turkish fire, that gave the Anzacs pause. A black night flitting with red fire across the smoke of the broken hills. And men were still coming ashore. Night hand mowed strap and lightning, trenches were dug, communication was replenished; weary men gulped water if they had any, without wounded made their way as best they

could from first-aid posts down to the beach, probing patrols swept forward to discover and harrow, preparation was made to meet the inevitable counter-attack, men asked "Where are we?" and "Where's the rest of our men?" but in the day-long battle practically all units were mixed-up.

But the Anzacs had won their footing. The Landing had cost them dearly, but they were ashore. Down south the English and the French also had landed—the English from the beachhead "River Clyde" in one of the greatest feats of heroism in the long story of British arms.

So the long campaign began. But the Anzacs had made history. Their achievements in the following months—and later in France and in Palestine—are now also history.

On that day, that Sunday, that 25th April, 1915, the bayonet of the man from "Down Under" was for them a place with the mountains, a reputation mounting on later fields of battle, to bring the finest shock troops in the world.

On that far yesterday they brought Australia and New Zealand to full attention. Their men, in World War II, have kept proudly high the standard their fathers had raised. And what of their men's sons? Well, what of them? The blood is the same!

That far yesterday? It is April again.





A helpless woman lay on the bed, bewail, watching the husband she loved light her cigarette pipe.

Limping Lothario

FREDERICK SMALL, was small by name and by nature. His look was comparatively small too. He possessed the perfect curve, he fished the unbeatable alibi, both were beaten.

Fred was short and slim—a little man in more ways than one. He walked with a decided limp, he had small, mean ways and was held in small esteem. The only thing his aboutness was his ego—that was enormous.

Fred, however, must have had his good points when he chose to court them . . . or some women are more foolish than one would expect . . . for he married three times.

His first wife died in child-birth,

what happened to the child she records do not reveal. It may have also died (which would be a happy release).

His second wife was a greater success—financially, at least. Having got very tired of Fred (which might be a reasonable expectation, if all they need about him was that she found herself neither more—or Small) and she did. At any rate, Fred threatened her which alleged lover with an elimination of affections suit. The man was wealthy and in a high position. Rather than face the scandal he settled out of court.

Fred took the money, divorced his second wife, and looked around for a third. He had been a glib talker

quite plain . . . and fast!

He found a young and pretty girl—he was in his forties at that second decade of this century—and he married her.

Small had the money he had got from his second wife's supposed lover, he planned to get more—much more. He spent some of the money he had in buying a cheap weatherboard two-storied Czech cellar's cottage near Lake Coogan, New Hampshire, U.S. Lake Coogan was a tourist resort—'ski-hut', 'kurtin' and that sort of thing.

It suited Fred. The first thing he did was to take out a full insurance on the house against fire.

He spent some more money, then time on electrical projects. He set up a laboratory in the cellar. The cellar often contained a deep pool of water which had seeped in, but all the houses on the lake shore suffered from the same trouble. Fred packed out a dry section for his bench and lamps toinker.

Fred's next move was to try to take out a twenty thousand dollar insurance on his wife's life (unknown to her). The company backed. The policy was a little too big for an unknown risk. Fred had to rest out another hark.

He compromised with a second policy (with his wife's consent). He took out a joint coverage for twenty thousand dollars. This was on both the life of herself and his wife. If he died first, she got the money; if she died first, he collected.

He now went on with his tinkering until Arkansas sent away the tourists to warmer climates. Most of the cottages closed, but the Small's were permanent residents.

He made a closer friend of Ed Coogan, the local insurance agent and a solid citizen. He suggested to Ed that they take a trip to Boston. Ed was not so sure.

"I know a lot of people in Boston, and Small. I could tell you in the way of a lot of business—and we could make a pleasure trip of it, as well!"

Coogan decided he might as well make the trip. There was no business left at home. He fixed a date in October. He also accidentally fixed the date of Mrs. Small's death!

Now really Fred went to work. He began to pack his bag. He put in the things he valued most—papers relative to the divorce of his second wife (from which he might have hoped to do a little blackmail later on), his insurance policies, an accurate inventory of the contents of the house in case the insurance company might get hazy . . . and a loaded revolver. Also some wire and overnight clothes.

The lawyer in the nearby village of Mountmore was named Kennett. Whenever Fred wanted to go to the town he always called Kennett to his home with a horse and buggy. And as they drove away Fred would always call back farewell to his wife.

Fred told Kennett to call on the date fixed for the trip. He and Ed Coogan would leave on the four o'clock train. Kennett had always got a whiskey when he called for Small and he looked forward to the job.

That morning the preacher from Mountmore, one Hooper, visited at the Small house on his usual rounds. He found both Mr. and Mrs. Small happy and cheerful. Mrs. Small gave him an order.

As soon as the grocer had gone, Fred got into quick action. There would be no more calls before Kennett and he had much to do. He took his wife upstairs into the bedroom. He may have knocked her out or pretended he was playing a game. However he managed it, he carefully and neatly strangled her up with the thin experimental electrical wire he had been using. He made a good job of it, too.

**A SHORT SOB ON THE
SHARES OF DRAWING
A MONTHLY SALARY**

Time, they say, is relative,
but still I find it funny
that I should have so much
month left
at the end of my money.

JAY-BAY

The helpless woman must have laid there on the bed and watched her precious electrical apparatus which was to set fire to the house in several hours time! How he did it was never explained, for the guests were never told.

Fred then used leverage heavily on the inside of all the walls. This was to be the perfect crime, with all the evidence burnt. When everything was done he returned to the bedroom revolver in his hand.

It would be impossible to fully measure the horror of his wife when she realized that he meant to kill her. He had kept her alive until the last possible moment. Now he placed the gun to her temple and blew out her brains.

He put the re-loaded revolver in his bag. The place must burn to a cinder, his wife must burn to a smoldering, red, red, red, for these would have to be a body for the insurance company. Should he remove the wife's body? Not necessary. It was copper and it would melt off the flesh of the corpse. This would be a fine idea.

He pulled the bed into the center of the room. That placed it right under a beam. His apparatus would soon make sure the beam was burnt through. The beam would fall and smash the skull of the corpse. And all this would happen in several hours time—better make it seven hours—ten o'clock that night—when he would be over a hundred miles away.

When Kennett arrived he was not invited into the house for a while. He decided Small must have run out of eye. Fred came out and called having thrown back to his wife an usual Kennett didn't hear her answering (Good women seldom do), but he took no notice of that at the time.

He took Fred into the village, where they picked up Ed Connor. Connor and Small went to Boston.

They registered at Yough Hotel. When they were settled in, Ed glanced at Fred.

"Let's finish business for awhile," said Fred. "Let's point the town. Not first, let's go to the Perkin House and send some postcards to the folks I promised my wife I would."

Ed was an agreeable sort of customer, he went along. Fred sent one postcard to his wife, on which he placed the date, the place and even the exact time.

Connor and he then cracked a bottle and took on a show—some silent movies at the Majestic Theatre. At ten o'clock Fred mailed to himself. The house would be gone up in flames now, while he sat over a hundred miles away with the perfect alibi in the shape of solid citizens Ed Connor.

So far he was right, too. At ten o'clock some campers saw flames issuing from the Small cottage. They rushed to save the house. But there wasn't a chance. In a very short time the place was burned to the ground!

Meanwhile, Ed and Fred returned to Yough's Hotel. Just as they got in

at midnight, there came word to Fred that his house had been burned and his wife was dead! He went into a swoon.

Half an hour later he was well enough to get into the specially chartered car which was to take them back to Mountmarrow. And he seemed to lose his memory.

"Tell me, Ed," he said, "what did I do first to get the insurance on my wife?"

Connor had been greatly upset by the whole affair and he did not try to answer.

The two men hurried out to the deserted ruins at Lake Connet, Fred once more a tragic wanderer. There were several persons among the ruins. Fred sent the police, stopping his own.

"My poor wife!" he said. "Have you found her body?"

"Yes, we have!" was the reply. "And we charge you with her murder."

Hand over that bag!"

"You're mad!" said Fred.

"It didn't work, Small," said the detective. "The contraption you found to fire the house at ten o'clock worked all right, but the fire first burnt away the floor of the bedroom, and the bed fell through, with the body. The same thing happened on the lower floor, with the result that the body fell into the water on the cellar. It was charred a little, that was all. She was tied up with fire wire like this in your bag; she was also shot in the head, ballistics experts will prove whether this was the man that did it. We have the bullet, which was still in the skull. Your alibi was a waste of time, Small."

A year later the hangman on the State Prison at Concord dropped Fred Small into a coffin, but there was a rope round his neck which prevented him reaching the bottom.



new hope for BALDNESS



ROBERT SMITH-RICHLING

Baldness has been a problem for centuries, but now hopes today are looking for the shiny scalp replacement.

"YOUR hair roots may still be alive, even if you are totally bald or are losing your hair."

This statement is made by Carl Brandenkels, "hair-farmer" of St. Helena, Oregon, and he backs up his words with documented cases.

Men and women have worried about baldness for centuries, and their concerns are both natural and abnormal. Almost everyone agrees that a full, luxuriant growth of hair makes anyone more attractive than a bald and

shiny "balded bell." Lots of hair usually makes a person look older, too, and this more aged appearance can have considerable effect on getting or keeping jobs, wives and many other vital aspects of everyday living.

In years past, baldness has been thought to be a sign of degenerative weakness, but hair expert Carl Brandenkels states that no scientific evidence has ever been uncovered to prove this theory.

Baldness has been a problem for

perhaps thousands of years, but there is surprisingly little medical knowledge about it. Doctors are frank to admit that in many cases they do not know what makes hair fall out, or what makes it start growing again. There never has been the intensive medical research into this subject as for the great scourges of mankind. Probably this is due to the fact that while millions of people are cursed with balding heads, few, if any, way-men have actually died from the ailment.

Most people have shared feeling hair along with the weather something they could talk about but not do anything to improve. However, Carl Brandenkels refused to be discouraged.

The story of Carl Brandenkels begins back in the 1880's with a lot. Carl's father wanted to make with him. Brandenkels senior wanted to swear that his son Carl would be totally bald before he reached 35. It was a bad bet for Carl because back through the years almost every male member of the Brandenkels family had displayed shiny pots even younger than this. Carl's father, the former Court Frederick van Brandenkels, was an avid student of psychology, and his records as their family tree revealed shiny heads back to the days of Martin Luther.

When Carl declined to accept the bet, his father advised him to get married as soon as possible because his chances would be better while he still had hair. Carl took his advice and married another Nebraska native, Pauline Fredman, while they were both attending the University of Nebraska.

Carl prided himself on the "rags" of hair he had as a young man, and his father's warning bothered him. He even made a crude headpiece to look like a totally bald head just to see how bad that would be. One look

at his mirror gave him the shock of his life and started him on the path which resulted fifteen years later, in the development of his new world-famous formula and treatment.

Carl Brandenkels has never been one to accept unsatisfactory answers just because they were the best at hand. He began to learn all that he could about the causes of baldness while he was still in college, and he spent two extra years studying subjects he thought might be helpful in his search.

Fifteen years passed since Carl heard his father's dire things. Carl was thirty-six. He and Pauline were growing potatoes and filberts on their ranch near St. Helena, Oregon. And Carl's father had been absolutely right.

By that time Carl had made several observations which he thought held clues to the causes of baldness. For one thing, Carl had watched medical students at the University of Nebraska sitting outdoors. Every one of the cadavers with a full head of hair had a lot of dirty tissue underneath it. The baldheaded ones all had their skin drawn tightly over their bony structures. Carl decided that if he could learn to grow underneath the scalp, he might cause hair to grow as well.

In his constant reading Carl Brandenkels learned that rats' whiskers had helped to deliver the turn on sailing. Carl continued to study and to experiment—and to try out his experiments on his own balding head.

Early in 1903 Carl worked out a treatment which he felt was the right answer. Without saying much about it, he applied his discovery at Minneapolis. About this time the Brandenkels went away for several weeks on a trip. On their return—to Carl's tremendous discomfiture—his friends began to comment on his increased hair.

Carl Brandenkels did not accept this

RETOUR COUTRIOUS Jane Herson is hurt. It appears that at present one of her pet projects is that people just listen when you talk to them. And the reason? Well, at all began when she went to a party soon after she had made her debut in "Affairs of State." Naturally, Jane was not what you might call one of the first arrivals. But she had an answer to all the questions. When her husband opened the door, Jane gabbled hysterically: "The party to be so late. But it took longer than I intended to answer my uncle and aunt and take the ladies!" The hostess didn't even turn a hair or as much as blink an eyelash. (One aspect of the case which Jane appears to have overlooked, however, is that her husband may have misled her hearing aid.)

(From "Photoplay"—the world's most famous motion picture magazine)

no confusing proof, however. He asked his twenty volunteers to try out his new treatment. This request appeared in the St. Helena Sentinel-Mail on January 23, 1938. Overnight it was reprinted in metropolitan newspapers all over the country. Carl was flooded with volunteers and inquiries. One month-lapped clinic offered one hundred dollars for a treatment; others offered amounts ranging from postage stamps to two hundred and fifty dollars. Carl turned down all the offers of money, but he furnished his substance without charge to a group of twenty-two local volunteers.

The progress of Carl's "cancer cure" was reported throughout 1938 by press, radio and newspaper. The St. Helena potato grower was promptly nicknamed the "tuber farmer."

Not all of the "potato plan" grew keen. A number of them did, however, and many St. Helena businessmen were pointing with pride to strips of newly-growing hair on spots that had been shiny bald just a short while before.

In April, 1938, Carl Brandenfeldt decided that actual results warranted offering his formula and research to

the general public. Before long thousands of men and women all over the country were applying his formulae and using the Brandenfeldt pressure massage. Carl has no way of knowing exactly how many of these people have grown hair, but he can display thousands of testimonial letters from satisfied users. In fact, an independent firm of certified public accountants inspected and documented these letters, and they have an far certified more than 30,000 letters of praise for the Brandenfeldt home cure.

These "success stories" continue to arrive with every mail. They come from every state and from 138 cities and towns within the United States.

The Brandenfeldt home cure consists of three interconnected steps. Formula "A" contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide, and it is Brandenfeldt's belief that this formula has what is described as a bacteriostatic action on the scalp. That is, the formula kills the bacteria on which harmful bacteria feed, and these bacteria then are observed to die.

Formula "B" contains lanolin and other emollients. This formula is designed as a softening agent and to help

the vital ingredients of Formula "A" penetrate into the skin. In addition, Formula "B" acts as a dressing and conditioner for the scalp and hair.

The Brandenfeldt Pressure Massage is something quite different from commonly known exercises. In the first place, it is not done on the top of the head but from the base of the neck up to what Carl calls the "fat band line." The massage temporarily increases the blood supply to the scalp area, helps the two formulas penetrate into the scalp and aids in the re-orientation of the scalp.

"I wish everyone could sit at my desk and read these heart-warming letters," says Brandenfeldt. "To me, these expressions of thanks are the thrill of my whole life."

During the past few years, Carl has continued his research, sustaining a series of medical tests on his formulae and massage. In one of these tests, a group of twenty-seven men and women used Brandenfeldt Scalp and Hair Application and Massage under medical observation. Each of these people was given a medical examination at the beginning of the test, and a small slice of skin was taken from the bald area of his head.

These people were examined again at intervals of about four weeks, and photographs were taken at each of these times. At the conclusion of the test, another small slice of scalp was taken from the same spot as the first, and extensive microscopic studies were made to determine the change in cellular structure.

The doctors who conducted these experiments testified that at the 21 people 11 of them displayed "marked or marked" change in the amount of hair they had, and that five more showed "a slight amount of new hair growth."

In addition to developing his formulae and massage, Carl Brandenfeldt

has evolved a set of simple rules for the care of your scalp and hair.

KEEP YOUR HAIR CLEAN—and be sure that you clean your scalp properly.

KEEP COMBS AND BRUSHES CLEAN, TOO

DON'T BRUSH YOUR HAIR any more than absolutely necessary to keep it pressed into place.

DO NOT IRRITATE YOUR SCALP with irritating shampoos, fragrances or harsh combs.

DO NOT WEAR A TIGHT-FITTING HAT

Carl Brandenfeldt has published these rules with his formulae and explanations for them in a booklet. He will be glad to send his "Rules for Care of Your Scalp and Hair" to anyone who is interested in them and will write to Carl Brandenfeldt, St. Helena, Oregon.



Most nations have their legendary Sagamores; why is it Australia hasn't one? We have's a suggestion . . .

CEDRIC E. MINTIFLAY



PAUL BUNYAN of the whalers

LEGENDS are slow-growing around these parts. We've had our share of frontiersmen, of pioneers hunting the fur horizon. They built us and we've forgotten them.

Not so the Canadians. From the wealth of their history, no richer than ours, good stories emerge. You've heard about their Paul Bunyan, the King of the lumberjacks? The legend had it he was two hundred feet tall, climbed his hair with a full-grown fir-tree, and made Canada's moored lakes with his giant bootprints. He is credited with building the huge Canadian timber industry, with winning

the country from the wilderness.

Why haven't we, in Australia, and New Zealand, found a Paul Bunyan? The answer is, because we haven't looked. Bunyan is history, but somewhere, at some time or other, there must have been a real Paul Bunyan. Maybe he was a giant, a builder, a battles—and, cutting out the French-Scottish exaggeration which is a part of the Canadian legend, maybe he was seven feet tall.

We can watch him at these measurements. I give you Captain Jack Guard.

Jacky Guard was a big man, too—

wandant black-bearded giant of a man with a taste for strong honey and stronger liquor.

Bunyan founded an industry—and so did Guard. He enters history around 1818, sailing his little 16-ton brig "Waterloo" out of Sydney to move around the little-known coastline of New Zealand.

His chance came early in 1820, as usual with Jacky Guard: it was disguised as disaster. He was wrecked the Waterloo through Cook Strait, the turbulent body of water separating the two main islands of New Zealand, when he was caught in a narrow pass.

The little brig was caught close in on a lee shore.

At last Jacky Guard was forced to a grim decision. He was going where he could, but there were two ways he couldn't do it—either broadside on and helpless, or head on and under full control until the last moment. There was only one course he could take. He put the helm hard over and separated the party.

The "Waterloo" picked up speed for her final run. The ships closed about her.

But, somehow, almost miraculously, a narrow channel opened ahead. Guard led his homopier on the way and a mighty wave gathered up the craft.

Then the ship of the waves slackened. The brig was sliding slowly in deep water which had scarcely a ripple on its surface. Jacky Guard had found the perfect harbor (which is now known as Tury Channel).

But the full importance of his discovery did not strike him until the following day, when he climbed to the summit of the protecting ridge and looked out across the strait. Here and there, blood-red and willow-green on the surface, he could see whalers. The land-mass of New Zealand was roughly eight hundred miles long, and

patrolled by only one gateway—Cook Strait. Any whale seeking to pass from the Tasman to the Pacific or vice versa must swim right against the most of power through the strait. As a whale was an animal, and so must breathe, it could not pass Tury Channel unobserved. This was the perfect area for a new industry—shore whaling.

He headed for Sydney, where he engaged heads and bought suitable gear. In May, 1821, the whaling season which came to be known as Port Underwood, was launched.

But in Sydney Guard was becoming a mystery. Many shrewd operators tried to find the whereabouts of Jacky Guard's secret cove, but his own heads were picked men, paid to keep their mouths shut.

For sixteen months the secret held good. Then, in September, 1822, Captain William Worth followed a hunch or some hard-won information into Cook Strait. As he rounded his ship "Elizabeth and Mary" along the southern shore, he sighted a couple of whalers rowing hard for what seemed a solid cliff-face. He followed them on, found himself on a bay sheltered with a horrendous tide—and then stumbled upon Jacky Guard's secret.

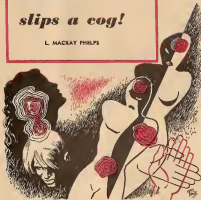
The revelation was an. Within a few months, Port Underwood was the greatest whaling port in history.

But it attracted the envy of the earth. Jacky Guard and others of his breed were careful whom they recruited; but three were many who were not so scrupulous.

A man of action was Captain Guard. He headed for Sydney in 1829. There he married a pretty fifty-year-old lass named Betty Parker. She was the first white woman to live in the South Island of New Zealand; their son John was the first white child to be born there. Some a daughter, Louisa, was added to the Guard family.

when *Nature* slips a cog!

L. MACRAY PHILIPS



The human body is perhaps the world's most intricate machine; but occasionally it's apt to become better.

NOT so long ago, in Tennessee, two babies were born joined together over the entire top of their heads.

The father of these little girls expressed a very natural wish when he said: "I hope doctors will operate and try to separate them; I would thank God if only one survived."

Unfortunately, it was not to be. It was decided that any operation would kill both and therefore none was performed.

Which is not an isolated case. Only a little earlier, in England, babies were born joined at the top of the skull (though they died within a few

days) . . . and many other instances can be quoted.

In fact, the story of such abnormalities stretches back over centuries.

Perhaps the most striking example two-headed human on record was Edward Mordake, an Englishman who lived to the age of 33 and then committed suicide.

His true name was not Mordake, and it is sad that he was of noble blood; in fact, in a person—but that he retained any contact with his family, even refusing to accept visits from them. He was wealthy, and had excellent medical attention, provided by Drs. William Trendelenburg and R. Mervin.

Edward is described as having been a man of good figure, with a handsome face and keen intelligence. But on the back of his head was another face—that of a beautiful girl who was "lovely as a dream, hideous as a devil"—was Mordake's own words.

This was the face of Mordake's own twin sister! Due to some slip-up in the process of fertilization—caused perhaps by disease in one or both of the parents, drugs or poison in the maternal bloodstream, an injury to the mother during early pregnancy, or abnormal umbilical—the twins did not develop separately, but grew actually joined together. All that developed of the man was a face and the rudimentary brain, the face being on the outside of the rear of Mordake's skull, and the head actually inside his skull, so that the two brains were literally in contact with each other.

The female face was reduced in size, something like the face of a primitive doll. It occupied "only a small part of the posterior part of the skull, yet exhibited every sign of intelligence, of a well-gifted mind, however."

Though Mordake's sister had little intelligence, she was intelligent

enough to realize that she was a monstrosity, an appendage rigidly attached to her otherwise normal brother. Quite understandably, her sole emotion was hate, and her principal motivation a desire to torment her brother.

Thus the weird female face appeared and smiled maliciously when Mordake was attempting to carry on a conversation or broke down in painful sobbing. The day after wedding and followed the movements of persons as they passed behind Mordake. The monster's perfectly formed legs "glided without ceasing" under such circumstances.

Since the twin had no lungs, it was incapable of producing audible sound. Nevertheless, due to the close proximity of the two brains, there was some form of mental telepathy between the wretched man and his equally wretched, hideous sister. She talked to him constantly by direct thought-transmission, often arousing him from sleep by her projected, venomous thoughts.

For years, the tortured man kept a diary, in which he recorded the strange association with his skull-imprisoned sister. He wrote of her as his "evil twin which never sleeps, but talks to me forever of such things as they only speak in hell. No imagination can conceive the dreadful temptations it sets before me. For some unknown, wickedness of my forefathers I am heir to this field—for a field it surely is."

To his physician, Mordake wrote: "I beg and beseech you to crush it out of human existence, even if I die for it."

This was impossible, for to destroy the brain of the twin would have been to destroy Mordake's own life as well. The physicians, fearing a suicide attempt, kept a constant watch over the tortured man. But in spite of all

CAVALCADE, April, 1932 23

STATE OF THE NATION (X)

Summer is gone . . . and the Wind from the West will soon be ransacking each gathering place; pretense and sniffs and riotous red eyes will welcome the frost with desperate gurgles, dark eyeballs will open, droughted mouths will slink from warm nests in walling, whole households will shrink as they breathe, waiting down on the crisp autumn air, the brooding coming of November. And . . . beware! soon all your port dromedars will turn to goose-people, while nothing does anything with nervous simplicity to turn their incurable cocker-in-the-'ood, Oh, month unpredictable, is Summer dead? L-L-U-V-E, come to bed!

—JAY-PAY

their precursors, he managed to obtain a quantity of arsenic, and killed both himself and the sister-in-law who had ridden for 25 years on the back of his skull.

These burlesque cases in which two heads are actually fused into one are very rare. Fortunately, most of them are born dead. A curious fact is that some. Like the two in Tennessee—in which two separate heads are joined by fuses of the cerebral hemispheres—arise with relative frequency.

In Tetford, Canada, a woman gave birth to twin daughters who were joined foot-to-foot, the junction extending from the chest to the lower abdomen. Twins similarly joined were recently born in Port of Spain, Trinidad. In another instance, foot-to-foot twin girls were born in Boston Island, New Jersey. They died before an operation for their separation could be performed.

Perhaps the strangest of all sexual conditions is the double of sex of one individual from male to female or vice versa. This happens with some frequency in almost all species.

One of the most famous instances occurred at the turn of the present century. Eva Leventhal, wife of the manager of the Paris Varieties, bore a daughter Jeanne, who turned into a male and changed her name to Jean before she reached the age of 15. Inheriting her wealthy father's estate upon his death, Jeanne-Jean cared for her widowed mother throughout the remainder of her life.

It may be that Jeanne-Jean actually changed completely from one sex to the other, with spermatogenic development, while others atrophied and shrunk, but it is also possible that she was a true hermaphrodite—one of those very rare individuals who have

the reproductive organs of both sexes. If so, she could have been changed into either sex she preferred—presumably the one that was more profitable—by a delicate course of operations involving cauterizing, plastic surgery, and hormone treatments.

Such an operation—as mentioned in a previous article—was performed in New York City only recently. Its purpose was to remove female characteristics, then “changing” a girl-boy into a boy. It consisted of removal of the external female organs by an operation known as hysterectomy, freedom of the male organs to develop and expand, and plastic surgery to remove external indications of femininity. The operations themselves required two weeks. There followed a period of several months, during which the individual, identified only as John John, developed masculine character-

istics because of the greatly increased flow of male hormones and the disappearance of female hormone secretion due to removal of the female glands.

The operation to transform a female-male into a girl is harder, only that it is reversed.

Incidentally, the New York John-John above mentioned subsequently married a charming young woman and is enjoying a perfectly normal and happy married life.

The above merely scratches the surface of a tremendous subject. It should be sufficient to give the reader a feeling of awe in the presence of the basic mystery of life itself, and it should tend to dissuade him from over feeling edified—or anything other than the deepest sympathy—when confronted by one of these distorted fellow-creatures.





Sampson's Delilah was a fascinating beauty-queen compared with Boris's own exotic Tarnowska.

WALKER HENRY

DELILAH plus several Sampsons

IF the ancient Philistines had had at their disposal Countess Marie Tarnowska instead of the delusive Delilah, they would probably have succeeded in illuminating the entire Teller of Israel . . . not just one single, solitary Sampson.

The daughter of a Russian count with the somewhat surprising name of O'Hourke, Marie was still in her teens when she began to attract her male acquaintances.

Especially ostentatious were no less than a Prince, a Baron and a Count Tarnowski.

"You can pick between the Prince and the Baron," advised old Count

Tarnowski . . . with the wisdom of age. "Oh, I'd simply let-me-be to be a Princess," decided Marie gleefully . . . and promptly eloped with the Count.

Count Tarnowski rapidly set out to prove himself everything which could not possibly be included in any Madame's Prayer. Before long he was drinking, gambling, behaving with light ladies, and consistently leaving Marie alone at nights (except for those brief periods necessary to provide her with two children).

Any lesser woman would have sat down and wept. But not Marie. She took swift stock of her marital predicament and allowed her eyes to

linger on her husband's brother, young Peter Tarnowski.

As a potential candidate of errant husbands, Peter must be a careful observer have secured for back in the Alsace-Lorraine Department. Accordingly to a contemporary, he was "a quiet, studious youth with a nasal resonance far wonderful."

Yet in less time than it takes to learn What - Every - Young - Man - Should - Know, Peter was courting Marie to the grandeur clip-points in her hometown of Kiev.

Naturally, it had to happen. On one of her more festive nights-out, Marie and her husband, Count Tarnowski, recognized his wife, recognized his brother, was smitten by wild scenes of jealousy, and noticed handsomely . . . a recently released Head of the House.

Which was clearly Marie's cue to grasp opportunity (and her husband) in a hasty-lock and settle down to a long and happy life as a Domestic Tyrant.

It was a pleasing prospect, but unfortunately beyond Marie's power to enjoy. Apparently she had not only acquired Peter, she had also accumulated officers-of-the-Guards, doctors, and servants and more besides.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Count Tarnowski's jealousy gradually developed into a mania. The climax came one morning at breakfast. The Count was handed a telegram. He ceased eating, opened the message, read it and settled a scream.

"Look at that! Look at that!" he gibbered, holding the paper to Marie.

Marie looked at it. "Peter hanged himself this morning," it reported.

"What a foolish boy!" commented Marie, mildly approving, and again devoted herself to her breakfast.

Count Tarnowski stamped, seined

out of the house. After an interval, Marie placidly followed him. Next day, Count Tarnowski—his nose unobscured—saddled back into the house. Once more Marie followed him . . . well pleased and accompanied by a certain Alexis Rozovsky.

With the assistance of M. Rozovsky, even Minister Knyaz Teyan may take a final bow. M. Rozovsky was two quoted "one of those men who look and act like a hare in melancholia," he was tall, with a superb figure, an irrepressible comradely and a bohemian which hypnotized men and women alike."

For some obscure reason, however, he failed to hypnotize Count Tarnowski. That worthy subjected his wife's latest chaperon to a steady scrutiny and producing a revolver remarked darkly: "We'll settle the matter here and now."

M. Rozovsky . . . with admiring passages of mind . . . fled.

Less than a week later, Count Tarnowski crept into Kiev Palace Station and murmured: "I found Alexis Rozovsky with my wife at the Grand Hotel. I shot him dead."

Locally for Alexis, the Count was only half right. He had certainly shot his rival, but M. Rozovsky was by no means dead.

Without any ado, Marie deserted home, husband and children and returned to him. She stayed there for days.

In her spare moments (apparently when she had talked her patient (as condensed she also engaged in conversation with a Dr. Sigmund, "a pale and weak-looking man, obviously the victim of drugs," Rozoff). Despite her position because of Marie's persistent weeping, M. Rozovsky suffered a sudden relapse and expired. The Kiev government considered the odd-look of Count Tarnowski's aristocratic relations and briefly released him

From your blazes, you haven't Latest Theory of U.S. ebullience is that the more he-ven Dable is the more blurbly he will father boy babies And you want Theory The notion of boy babies to girl babies is controlled by the gods working through the intricate gland system, especially the sex hormones Then barbed wire fencing from about dinner (such as great and General) dinner? have more than the average number of female offspring

without a stain on his character. Marie herself dashed off into the country to FORGET . . . desiring Dr. Stahl along with her to count As a cure, Dr. Stahl prescribed a diet consisting of champagne and a little light dabcherry.

The champagne intemperate might have continued indefinitely if Marie had not been shocked to discover that she was short of cash. But Marie was nothing if not a girl who knew all the answers.

The answer to the particular question seemed to be Missus Daniel Pritchkoff a Moscow lawyer, who was "an old friend" and "transcendently wealthy."

Marie easily convinced a "Monsieur" meeting with the lawyer.

It must have been an effective epistle. To M. Pritchkoff, Marie was "Miss Maurice," he was having known to her by the affectionate nick-name of "The Russian." Dr. Stahl had delicately cut of the picture . . . to be recalled only momentarily when Marie once inquired casually about the health of her ex-medical adviser.

"Oh, he shot himself through the head, I believe," replied M. Pritchkoff.

The happy couple wandered through Europe (withstanding currency like a much earlier) until they reached Venice. Here, however, M. Pritchkoff was summoned urgently back to Russia . . . "an important business" (so he said). At a house and, Marie was delighted to be introduced to Count Paul Komarsky, a widowed Colonel who was—by all—"very wealthy."

The Colonel was himself bankrupting himself by paying Marie's debts when M. Pritchkoff came pestering back to discover what his "important business" had been. M. Pritchkoff confessed that he had not only lost every ruble he owned he had also stolen \$20,000 from his clients.

The tactical position was—an military authorities say—"dynamic." M. Pritchkoff had proposed marriage to Marie and had been accepted; as had the Colonel. And Count Komarsky had recently complicated matters by divorcing her thus leaving her help-ness between M. Pritchkoff, Count Komarsky and the other. For a magnet of Marie's culture, there was only one solution. She got herself still another lover . . . twenty-year-old Nicholas Neurath.

Nicholas fulfilled all expectations by also proposing marriage—and being accepted.

The puppets being assembled, Marie had merely to pull strings. The subsequent performance was spectacular. Marie (true to the faith that she would thereby infuse her into some sort of household) wedded again by introducing M. Pritchkoff that the Colonel was pestering her for an early marriage. M. Pritchkoff reacted . . . but you write as Marie might have predicted. He was not maddened (and recklessly anyway). As he had decided that he would personally cut the Colonel's throat rather than let him wed Marie,

he was sure that no marriage ceremony would be performed. Yet he also noted that the Colonel might be turned into a solid defense between him and poverty. He presented Marie with a counter-plan.

It was quite simple, he pointed out. Marie had merely to persuade the Colonel to insure himself for \$25,000 and then present him to dine with her; at the dinner a note would be handed to her, also would read it, blurbly (poorly) Officer seems to have the art of turning blazes on and off like an electric light, and whenever that "a well-known Russian prince" had offered to settle his fortune on her if she would wed him. The Colonel (M. Pritchkoff himself) would accordingly react suitably.

And it proved just as M. Pritchkoff had suggested. Marie had the Colonel insure himself, deal with her, read the note, blurbly admitted ALL . . . and next day failed herself the legal papers of the Colonel's whole estate. M. Pritchkoff rubbed his hands approvingly and really got down to business.

With her customary ability, Marie was up with the answer.

What they wanted, she disclosed as an Amazon. But what Amazon? Well, what about young Nicholas Neurath? Who, now better? And would Marie contact him? She calmly would.

With truly feminine sensitivity, Marie selected her bedroom for the interview. There she demanded the young Nicholas by collapsing on his chest "A man was threatening her," he noticed bitterly. Nicholas almost broke a blood-vessel. "There no the threatened, and I'll take him apart," he snarled. Marie showed him.

He burst, unannounced, into the Colonel's bed-room. "Come on," he suggested the Colonel unnecessarily, lifting his head from the pillow.

Young Nicholas related by do-or-do, a revolver and shooting his impromptu host several times in the stomach. "Why did you do that?" asked the Colonel . . . with some justification. And then he outthundered all fiction by asking his assistant to arrange.

It was a magnificently quarrelsome game, but it was also completely futile. The unsuccessful Marie had sought to draw suspicion from herself by writing a small note to the police, incriminating Nicholas. When Nicholas inspected from the Colonel's apartment, the policemen were waiting. Prosecuted with the note Nicholas was supplied to marry Marie. Marie evaded the noose by recommending the magnificent M. Pritchkoff. And a few weeks later—the Colonel checked everything by dropping dead.

On May 12, 1898, a Venetian jury found the Colonel's three play-mates "guilty" . . . with a rider to the effect that Marie and Nicholas "were victims of partial mental illness."





And there you have it. Take a peek, peepster, at the Shape-of-Things-to-Come fashion-forecasters predicting, that (a) . . . It's the Future (Eyes! Right!) and the Dead End can go buy its face in the sand, so far as we're concerned. . . . Still, if she finds the sunnier world beginning to bring a little wolfishly, she can always come under our shade, the honey was here!



Just the same, you can't expect any sensation to swamp herself with just one swim-suit can you? . . . Two's the bare minimum (okay, okay; no pun intended) . . . and here you have a glimpse of a second production from that magical sewing-machine that gives her time to change dress! . . . Eyes left, you cloth! . . . No! No! Right left. . . right off the page! What? What? . . . And Eyes Right! . . . And Right again. . . Now wasn't it worth it.

COPRA COMMANDO

A white warrior from Denmark was more than a match for the shark-toothed brown Vikings of the Southern Seas



CLEAN LACK

A MONG the islands of the Eschschsch Archipelago, off the north-eastern coast of New Guinea, are the unvisited islands of the Harriet Group. Till miles north of the Equator. Over the past half century they have at various times been visited by visiting scientists. But in the days when Billy Hayes and other Pacific adventurers and blackbirders roamed the Pacific,

the Harriets were always given a well-deserved, for these islands were the home of ferocious warriors.

Like the untamed warriors of the Torres Strait islands, they were a race of men, raw, hard-bitten and pitiless.

Still, the Harriet Islands were wealthy in copra and the expense of

white tapping their shores was rich with possibility.

In the eighteen, the big European trading firm of Harnden and Co. at Rabaul was especially anxious to obtain a footing on the Harriets, but when one of Harnden's agents and his ship's crew were massacred by the Harriet savages in 1880, the Harriets were left in comparative isolation for a few more years. Then, in 1888, Harnden sent a well-armed party to the islands. They, however, were greeted by a horde of warriors. The party quickly disbanded.

Harnden at last decided to enlist the aid of one of the devilish adventurers who ruled the South Seas.

The man they selected was Paul Orloff, a Danish South Sea trader. Orloff, for Leonard, as he was better known in the Solomons, New Ireland and other regions of the Pacific, was six feet five in height.

Orloff recruited for his raid one of the most remarkable "commandos" ever assembled on any enterprise, land or sea. The members of his band were half-breed savages from the Solomons-Melanesia and Melanesian-Canoe warriors with scarred faces . . . men expert in death.

Late one night, a small schooner drifted in towards the largest island of the Harriets. On muffled oars and grunted thalaps, the ship's boats came silently to the sandy beach and unloaded their cargoes of warriors.

Orloff was the only white man among that band of heavily armed, but he knew how to handle them. As a trained man, they fell into single file behind him, he walked down the tall grass and coconut palms towards the fire of the village on the east of the hill. In a clump of palms a stone's throw from the village, Orloff stood while his men crept behind him, clanking their war clubs.

The vicious whine of a flying club

whirled over his head. Dark figures leaped at him and his men from the darkness. They made no outcry but came on silently as ghosts.

Orloff leaped forward, immediately disconcerting the attackers.

The Danes led about him with barbed fury, swinging his rifle like a club. He broke the stick over the ground and thrust it through. On all sides his men were fighting for their lives, and a scene of deadly dark repel.

Throwing away the smothered pieces of his Winchester, Orloff aimed the barrel. With shortened grip, he ducked at a tall figure. A glancing blow from a club wounded his left arm, but he still chopped swiftly with all the strength of his right arm at his opponent's head. The man's neck snapped like a carrot.

At long last the surviving Harriet Islanders fled into the woods. Orloff's left arm was broken, he was bruised and pushed in a score of places, more than a third of his men had been killed, another third had suffered wounds of varying seriousness.

When the sun rose, Orloff's men scouted the islanders out of the woods. Those who refused to retreat were knifed on the head. All expended resistance broken, Orloff held a conference with the village elders.

He established his trading post and went back to Rabaul to report his mission accomplished. Then he returned to take over management of the station, keeping his black retainers as a sort of Protectors guard to ensure that the new regime achieved prosperity.

He settled down, taking into himself three native wives. In 1890 he was officially recognized by the German authorities as the chief of the tribe. He was still ruling his island kingdom when Australian expeditionary forces invaded German New Guinea during the First World War. It is believed he died about twenty years ago.

Crime Capsules



A REAL EARFUL ...

Twenty-five-year-old Joseph Walsh

New York peddler of his wife and all points thereafter had the bloodhounds-of-the-Law baying nearby until they gave out to him. Somewhat it was Joseph's sprightly habit to leave a prospective victim's shopping habits and back, then he would make out to himself a change on his unsuspecting prey, which he would persuade some too-trusting merchant to cash. Business prospered amazingly and Joseph accumulated a variegated selection of changes ranging from lottery and parole violation to general mayhem. Gendeman was spotting narrowly when Joseph happened to stop down 55th Street.

Keeping his eye open for business Detective Schuch took one passing glance and headily arrested him. Asked to explain the reason for his initiative, Gendeman Schuch explained: "He had too much on ... they shook out too far, and they were too big. Moreover, they were in-filled at their tops ... our records and that."

COOL, CALM AND ...

New York guards-by recently inspired to observe two young men methodically loading cans, each packed with 50 cartons of cigarettes, into a car outside the Edison Cigar Company. Unhappily, the policemen trusted their job and drove off with entire cases loaded with \$80 to \$200

cans and \$200 to \$200 packs. The crowd drifted on. What some of them knew was that the two laborers had previously threatened to show the company manager, Nathan Gordon, and had left him tied up inside.

ON THE BALL

Baseball is universally believed to have a happy and sympathetic home in Brooklyn (C.S.A.). That theory, however, was recently blasted by George Nelson and Paul Weston of the local syndicate. According to court records, the petroleums had passed to view the status of one Thomas Thomas, who ... in the center of a group of collectors.

... was managing a baseball and then turning it up at a second-storey window. There, the pitcher's brother, Arthur Thomas, would preside a Schuchman's net and snare the sphere. Like a pair of outraged anglers, the syndicate chased on on Thomas, who fled upstairs to his brother's apartment. In the subsequent hour-long, Thomas was sent to hospital and Arthur to a cell. Later in evidence, Gendeman Nelson and Weston swore that Thomas had been stuffing money and betting slips into the ball for delivery to his disgraced bookmaker brother "Ra," commented Metropolitan Minister: "Now who says Brooklyn cops play ball with criminals?" No one did.

Opposite: Study by BARRY LOUDEN



There was magic, romance and murder in the African night.



I NOTICED HER THERE AT THE TABLE, TOSSEING A WORD TO

IT didn't look much. Just a half mile of muddy street with a row of dust-baked trees down the center. I cruised slowly, looking for a hotel. There was a building on the right, two-story, with a balcony around the top floor. I swung across the road and pulled up. The footpath in front of the building was paved. On it were three round tables and an odd assortment of cane

chairs, all of them full. Glasses of watery-looking beer were on the tables. I spoke to the nearest man, a fat French in a stained grey shirt and grey-white trousers.

"Where's the hotel?"

He shook his head wearily and waved me through a double doorway. I went in slowly—because after the bright Moonlight night, I couldn't



Jeba Story

RICHARD CASSELL • FICTION

A NOISESOME OLD CRONE WHO DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE ME.

my watch of the dim interior.

There was a door open by one wall, behind it was a slim young girl with a patch of black fur under her nose. She jabbered something.

"I'm looking for a hotel," I told her. The smile went out like a dying candle.

"Hotel? Hotel?"

Well, what's Portuguese for hotel? I

pointed to myself and said "English."

He could understand that. He drew down behind the bar and motioned me to follow him. He stopped at a tiny table behind a cluttered desk sat a little fat man with a soap-soured face. He looked at the barren weather.

"Yes, are English?"

"Hotel? Hotel?"

"This is a hotel. Upstairs. You want

When a he-man from the
jungle reaches he finds the
city game.
Don't let his biceps bluff you;
don't subside in silent shame.
As he boasts how all and sun-
dry fall to his unerring arm.
Let him brag about his com-
quests; you can ledge a
counter-claim.
That the jungle of the city,
unfamed, is just the
same . . .
All the rain there too, one
hunting
AND the women always
game.

JAY-PAY

to stay in our side-walk?"

"Yes. Two does."

He sat down again and waved his hand at the only other chair. When I was in it, he concluded: "We don't get many English people here in John. They all stay in Lourenco Marques and play at the Casino."

In other words, what was I doing in the place?

I told him that if the little daughter "John"—which ran between Daphne and Lourenco Marques—had retained her health, I wouldn't have come near the village.

He seen the shop as I came up the street. She was tied to a (faded) wooden letter, the scrappy Lampoos under her. He shared my explanation naturally.

Then he said: "There is one thing. I am going away tonight and will be away five days. So I will not see you again before you leave."

I took out my wallet

"Ah, yes," he said, "and also there is one other European in the village who can speak English. So when you want anything you will have to call for Elias. Eh/ah?"

An answering shout and a screen door banged. Elias peeped in, here black feet stepping on the cement floor.

"Elias speaks enough English."

He turned to the boy: "Elias, this man is English. Now interpreter Portuguese."

"Yes, boss."

"You must look after him well."

When I got to my room Elias was there, opening the window.

"Elias"

"Elias"

"What's Portuguese for beer?"

"Beer? And The boss must ask for cerveza!"

"Good. Bring me some cerveja."

I noticed her at once as she entered the dining room. She was tall, rather dark. Almost too dark. But she had all the bumps and bellows in the right places, and she walked the way I like there to walk—kind up, chest out, confident.

Her companion at table was a no-nonsense old cross who now and then tossed in an odd word as though she were spitting away phlegmons. It seemed as though she didn't like me.

After dinner, there was a long report to write. I worked at it until about ten, when there was a knock on my door. I opened it. Tall and slender was there. She walked in and Elias filed the doorway.

She looked at me and spoke to Elias: "The master wants to know if the boss wants anything," he said.

I looked at her and went to Elias: "Tell the master that I have everything but, if I had some more beer I'd offer her a drink."

She answered, he disappeared. She sat on the bed, moving aside some of my papers to make room. Then Elias was back again, with a load of bottled bottles. He put them on the table and stood on the doorway.

"Beer, this master . . ."

She shut him up quick. He looked out. I poured two beers and handed her one. I picked up my beer.

"Luck," I said.

"Goodnight!"

After that, we parted to a few things and swapped notes, but my heart wasn't in it.

Then there was another knock on the door. She pushed me back, opened the door a little way and spoke through the gap.

I could hear a man's voice from outside—pleasant, perhaps threatening. Then suddenly a male hand grabbed her wrist and pulled her outside.

When I got to the door he was trying to drag her down the corridor and the lock she gave me would have encouraged a mouse to spit at a lion. I knocked his hand away. He turned and swung at me with his other hand. In bold a gambler, those feet of snake-skin slippers that belated at me at a pass.

I scuffled. Quasimodo rules and even his my knee and then a good night head. When I stepped towards him, he scrambled to his feet and stumbled off down the passage, his dirty sandshoes squeaking on the polished floor.

She was sitting on the bed in my room, her blouse pulled to one side. All was quiet except the steady hum of the generator which supplied light. That cut out about eleven o'clock.

When I woke it was almost light, she was standing at the foot of the bed. She came and looked me—lightly—before she went to the door. I was almost asleep again by the time

a hand closed behind her swinging lock.

So, for a moment, I was not sure that the women was real. It sounded as if she was in there a sleep against my door and something slide down at it. As I opened the door she came with it. Her blouse was tucked and a dark stream flowed from the waist.

Then I noticed the man standing over her. The manager. In his hand was a long kitchen knife with a serrated blade. He dropped the knife and rubbed his feet with both hands.

He moved past me, into my room, stopping carefully over the figure on the floor. "All right English! I'll tell," he said.

"My wife has been with another man. All the village know who he was, but no-one would tell me. And she laughed about it. Today I began to worry. All the way while I was driving the carting was there. And I got very angry. So I came back to beat her and find out who he was."

"When I got to my room she was not there. I went to the room of my mother, who sits with my wife at the dining table. My mother told me that my wife had been talking about you."

"Daylight! In my room and in my head! I could hear it in the crowd and my visitor. And I could guess what Elias had been going to tell when she shut him up."

"So I have been waiting outside your door since four hours. And I got her."

He looked at his hands and they seemed to embarrass him.

"I do not blame you, boss. She was pretty . . . and you could not know she was married."

He was silent a moment then . . .

"When do you leave?"

"Today," I said.

"Good. Go now. You can be across the border at Remon Garcia by eleven. You can do no good by staying here. You might spoil my story."

cry of a cat

ALAN T. YENESS

FICTION

On the fifth night, he saw the cat on ugly black arches, it came pebbling across the looms

SHE WAS A CRANK AND A PERSISTENT ONE, HE THOUGHT; BUT WAS THAT ALL SHE WAS?



MY friend, Jim Purdie, is by no means an emotional man. So when, on numerous evenings, he collapsed into voracious outbreaks of temper—directed (for no reason that I could see)—at his inoffensive son, I was to say the least, surprised.

And when he ended up as a father of all "drunks," I was startled.

On the second night, I eventually got lost in memory.

"You wouldn't believe me, David," was all he would say at first . . . and he spent the longest minutes of my life going into the fire. How long that would have gone on, I have no idea, but suddenly there was the pebbled "noise" of a cover set. Purdie leapt from his chair at the sound, stood, trembling, staring at the half-closed window.

"What on earth's the matter, man?" I asked. "Keep out of it! That was only a cat. Surely you don't expect it to jump through the window and eat you?"

He sat down again, lumpy. His face was grey, his eyes molten, the paper's dried. I made a momentary impression of an aged man desperately ill. When he spoke however, he appeared to have seen a bottle within himself.

"Have you any brandy, David?" he asked. "I need a drop—badly."

I brought him a fairly stiff measure which he gulped. Presently he was calmer and spoke in a sturdier voice.

"David," he said. "I don't expect you to doubt me when I say I was not drunk when what I'm going to tell you about happened. I wasn't. Tomorrow is the first time I've been drunk for goodness knows how long. I wish I had been 'baked' all last week. Then I could string the whole thing out and forget it."

"I hope to Heaven you can give me an explanation of it that will leave nothing to doubt. But I don't think

Amelia's current "Gidget Friend" is three-year-old Doreen, Dawn who lives literally surrounded with thousands of gidgets. She sleeps on a gidget-bed, she eats from a gidget-table. Her toys include: A mounted light sword, a rocketing rocketing horn, a hot-and-cold gun, and a long-handled, two-wheeled cart which she pushes vigorously through her gidget-filled house. And how has she managed to get all these same gidgets? Simple. Peggy and Monica Dawn run the "Gidget-of-the-Month" Club. Members send their new products, the proud parents try them out on Doreen, if she responds positively, it's a push.

you see — the voice faded away. He was right. I can still find no explanation that is at all satisfactory. We were, I believe, well you . . .

When the train had dropped itself, like a caterpillar, section by section from the platform and gathered speed, Purdie sat back on his seat, occupied a pleasant inspection of his traveling companions. She was a tall, sportily woman who had, he estimated, positively wasted for some forty or fifty years.

He marveled "Good-evening" and gave his attention to his newspaper. It was a matter of oddly enough minutes before he felt her gaze leave him. But he heard her whispering to herself as she watched the shifting scenes of the passing suburbs . . .

Purdie was a thorough man when it came to reading newspapers. Every sentence was perused and considered, every expression of opinion as the editorial was given careful attention and accepted or rejected before he passed on to the next . . .

He was substituting on the implications of atomic bombing when his fellow-passenger burst through his quiet mood with an strange question.

"Young man," she leaned slightly forward, jaw set and pointed at him, "are you prepared for the Hereafter?" "Yes?" Purdie sat up sharply, staring blankly at her.

The woman smiled her contempt. "The thought shocks you?" she accused.

His voice was abjectly anti-which added to Purdie's surprise, for he had imagined it would be harsh criticism. Yet it was not a pleasant criticism for he remained reflectively afterwards, he found himself thinking that a spinster who is also anti when one walks into it is derision.

"Young man," she derided the words at him, "you are not prepared for death."

Purdie pulsed, suddenly convinced that he was in the municipal company of a lunatic. Moreover, being a rather subtle thirty-four and the father of two children, he was loath to accept the term "young man."

"Madam," he said, stiffly. "I am as prepared for death as any man of my age. No more, no less. What's more, I find death a delightful topic of conversation."

He returned his attention to the newspaper—but she was not so easily deterred.

"Disinfectant, indeed?" she accused. "You are a moral coward!"

"No?" Purdie registered indignation. "Madam, will you please?"

"A moral coward?" she swept on. "How you examined your soul? How you rejected the evil that has entered it? Can you face the implication of the Spirit?"

Purdie stared at her wide-eyed. "What the devil?" he demanded at last, "are you talking about?"

"No?" she shrieked. "You are not aware of the implication of the Spirit? You do not know that the Souls will visit you to test your fitness for a High Place in the Other World? You do not know that the disembodied voices will question you? You cannot lie to them, you know. You can't deceive them. They read your soul. You cannot cheat them. They cannot be thrown aside like a newspaper because you do not wish to consider the hell that they bring."

Purdie felt an unpleasant prickling along his spine.

"They will come to you without warning," she told him, hands clenched tightly on her lap. "That will come to you a feeling of such loneliness that you will lay your soul bare to them in desperation. You will be judged then—condemned or accepted. Are you afraid of the alternatives, young man?"

The tension seemed to break suddenly. Purdie laughed. The woman's eyes blazed but she laid, in the space of a moment, across a vulnerable figure. Purdie continued to laugh.

"Not a bit," he answered her. "I used something a little more factual than your hypochondria tends to frighten me."

"No?" she accused. "You know the Spirit World?"

"Of course. There is death, obviously. There is the grave or reincarnation."

time—I'm not sure which—and Heaven. Nothing else?"

She clamped her lips tightly. Time passed, uncomfortably. Silence seemed to overcome the clattering of the wheels — silence which disturbed Purdie's strained concentration on his newspaper and tested until a minor, grinding halt at a station.

The women gathered up her suitcase, her brown-paper parcel, put only, stiltedly headlong and went to her feet. She turned towards him as she opened the door.

"Young man," he said, with strange challenge, "one day soon you are going to learn about the Spirit?"

Before Purdie could reply, she had jerked the door shut and disappeared down the platform.

He shrugged the matter from his mind as he carefully folded his newspaper, but a shiver of doubt pricked him.

It was four days later that Purdie received the letter.

It was brief, terse and formed by writing of a firm forward-slanting character. Despite the touch of irregularity it held, Purdie knew that its author was a woman — perhaps the woman of the train.

"No," declared the letter, "They may come to include Good or as infinite Evil. Your soul will be searched the good and evil it contains will be weighed."

"I feel your time is at hand. I will use my powers to hasten it! Dreaming yourself young man. Prepare yourself! The Guardians of the Spirit World will appear perhaps in human guise, or animal — or as something that is neither."

"Prepare yourself!"

There was no signature — Purdie managed to laugh as he put the letter in the pocket of his suitcase.

"She may be a crank," he mused, "but she's certainly a persistent one."

Purdie drifted off to sleep. It was a quiet and peaceful sleep. Stars speckled the patch of blue-black sky visible through the half-open window, moonlight softened the gloom of his bedroom. Nothing stirred . . .

He moved slightly, breathing a little heavier at a noise as of train wheels. Voices, distorted through a pane, a picture emanated . . . Across the sleeping compartment the Western clung at him her challenge of unending for death.

"All alone with a mob of specks!" He spoke aloud. The words met the sounding-board of the sky and returned. He echoed them. "All alone with a mob of specks . . ."

Then the whole of eternity was crowded in a pair of metal-gray eyes. All around was a soft, hushless voice and drifting words. "You are going to

learn about the spirits. You will be very sorry . . . You are going to learn about the spirits . . ."

From the well of sleep, his mind struggled to clear wakefulness. There was something uncomfortable, however it was in the atmosphere.

The sound seeped into his hearing . . . it seemed part of the very air. A voice, constant, delightfully clear . . . "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ." A vision of an uncloud face at the window, not placable as human, an earnest, real or illusory Purdie jerked upright, breath held . . .

He forced unwilling legs to take him to the window. His eyes searched the room, the vicinity of the window, the garden below and finally the sky . . .

Scarcely speckled the blue-black expanse, beneath which nothing stirred nor disturbed the quiet. A wrap of fleecy cloud filtered the cold brilliance of the moon . . . Invisible upon his

mind were the insidious words "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ."

For three more nights, Purdie listened to the soft, soothing words threading his nerves. Each night he dreamed the same dream, woke in the same manner, went to the window . . . and saw nothing unusual.

But on the fifth night he saw a dot.

An ugly black creature, it pecked across the lawn through the moonlight. Purdie shivered as its soft voice reached his sharply-attuned ears. It, too, seemed lonely as a cloud . . .

The remainder of that night was for Purdie a turmoil of watch-faces at one moment; then the soft, insistent voice repeating that simple line of verse. He was alone on a vast sea, huddled on an immobile raft; he was alone on an infinity of sky, clutched at a solitary cloud . . . and still the voiceless voice persisted: "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ."

Sarah Jane Purdie struggled through the following day. He dined alone, struggled to read the newspaper in a corner of the lounge and, desperately tired, went to bed.

The weather had not changed. Sky, moon and stars revealed their loneliness as before, there was the same stillness. Before stamping onto the bed he took from his suitcase a loaded revolver. In further detail requirement of his business as representative of a firm of financiers which he placed under his pillow. Almost upon the instant that sleep came to him, the wheels of the train again groined against his mind and the wretched sequence of events resumed . . .

Once again the vision of the uncloud face—but now it was followed by a maelstrom of eldritch laughter. In panic, Purdie snatched up the pistol and rushed to the window, laughed the



A WARNING OF THE DEFICIENCIES OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

She told her mother taught her for hours, "for her own good"! What is to do with men who didn't "treat a lady as they should"; the idea, no doubt, was excellent, but—unluckily—poor kid, her mother didn't teach her what to do with men who did

JAY-PAY

moment wide open, peering frantically about the garden.

In the centre of the moon-soaked lawn was the seat, awaiting its solitary state, looking at him, matchless eyes unblinking, marveled by the clear and beautiful laughter that he wore.

Purdie seized the glass and twice drew upon the trigger. A thrilling smother of death-pains robbed him of his last vestige of reason.

He leaped through the window and roared across the lawn, among the best, convulsive tremor shook the window's body where it crashed into the shadow of a tree. As he staggered over the body it was not a cry he uttered to me, but the body of a withered creature whose cruel-gleam eyes glared at him through death.

With some wild, ineffective desire to conceal the body overcoming his reluctance, he put his arms beneath it and lifted. He came upright, almost screaming in the hysteria of the fear which knotted every nerve and organ of his body as dust trickled from his rigid hands. There was no longer a body!

"Believe me, David," Purdie said, snipping another drink. "I don't know what I did for the rest of that night."

"And what," I asked, "happened next morning?"

"I came out to the breakfast room looking as if I could never eat anything again," Purdie replied, looking at me rather morosely. "The manager of the place came up to me and said 'Sorry you had such a bad night last night, Mr. Purdie.'"

"I continued: 'How—?'"

"Oh, we were all kept awake by that confounded cat. I had it burned first thing this morning. Mostly-looking black cats it was—ugly as sin!"

We smoked for a minute or two, then Purdie:

"I caught the morning train happy. I was in a sweat of fear until we'd passed several stations that the old women would board the train and poison me again. I was mighty glad when a very talkative salesman entered the compartment and talked without a pause for the rest of the trip. . . I don't ever want to be alone again as long as I live."

"Don't blame you," I said sympathetically. "And that's why you want to poison when your wife was visiting that sick relative?"

"Yes. She took the youngster, of course, and stayed a couple of days. He got up and went to the window."

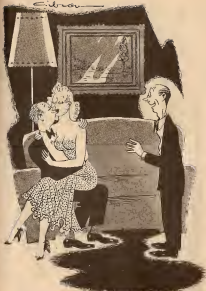
"What have all been bad dreams, I suppose," he said, over his shoulder. He smiled a wry smile.

"Do you know what caused my first-thing over the boy?" he asked at me and I shook my head.

He refilled his glass, looked at me over the rim.

"Just after dinner, the evening I arrived home, the lad wanted to tell me the latest thing he had learned at school. When I listened he began reciting:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud. . ."



"Well, I guess I'd better be going now; sorry to break the party up this way!"

"HOME COOKIN'"

WAFFLE IRONED BY GIBSON



Dear John,
Glad to hear the interview
was left clear
on radio. Love Sam



On your
downs
... the other way!



Laurens was right. And that's



I hope
 I have a spot of good old
 luck
 I hope I may as well
 about the north when I'm
 at



Stand square for a hand salute.



And breezed into the old flying
Dun with it.



Myself will visit with a couple
who are willing - I put the
tubercles down somewhere
downed and - O.K. at
most!



Well, I guess a lot of blisters
would be shed at a stretch,
at that.

100

STRANGER

And Strangers



ANTI-ATOM GLASS . . .

A bullet-proof glass window for automobiles has been announced by the Pittsburgh (U.S.) Plate Glass Company. It is a "sandwich-glass," like an automobile wind-shield. The outside is a solid sheet of glass, the sandwich is a layer of plastic bonded by inner glass. Both the plastic and the inner glass are divided into four sections, superimposed, and set in the window so that their edges form a big X. When the stone-punk shatters the front glass, the plastic and inner glass stop the flying pieces and then fold inward before they can break. It is claimed that these windows have survived blast explosions stronger than the Hiroshima blast at one mile, while ordinary windows were shattered so badly that large pieces were blown 50 feet inward.

SHAVE NEW WORLD

The day may well come in the future when a scientific mauling of individuals (and even of events) by means of electricity will present "problems of fearful proportion," predicts Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, Oxford professor of chemistry and foreign secretary of the British Royal Society. He claims that "no physiological advancement or the resolution of chemical or cell and tissue chemistry itself, it may be possible by deep-frozen chemical intervention to change processes which today are uni-

versally unchangeable." He also points out that electrically-induced hereditary changes in human cells are already known "to a crude fashion" and that the influence of drugs on personality is already great concern to Law and Medicine.

LOTUS LAND . . .

When two lotus seeds sprouted and began pushing out leaves, no one was more surprised than Dr. George W. Hending, of Washington (U.S.). The young plants looked quite normal; but the seeds (collected by Japanese scientist Sakai-Utsumi) had been picked out of a Manchurian peat deposit and are claimed to be more than 50,000 years old. Dr. Hending is now waiting hopefully for the plants to bloom. . . . to learn just what type of orchid did flourish in that misty past.

BLOOD RAIN . . .

Believe it or not, in southern France Italy and the Balkans the rain that falls is sometimes red like blood. Frenzied peasants can now be reassured that the phenomenon has been explained. Current explanations is that storms, sucking up from the Sahara Desert in Africa, blow up red dust and carry it across the Mediterranean Sea where it comes down as "blood rain," which probably gives the Balkans their excuse for banditry—a very favorable hobby of theirs.



"The place is in a mess . . . Henry made a sudden left turn"



Lithe and

Now, little ones, if you want to keep that sa-lu-tar-y levelness, you must keep limbs and limbs, too. That's the advice of Bart Carroll's eye-filling theatre-bathhouse at Hollywood . . . and, believe you us, they say that their advice is put into practice. Men who keep moppets with a look as 'free as gym-mas-sour Terry Hunt, so here's some short shots of his methods. First, of course, there's the shower. . . . IN B. —The showering is Stogol (Mooney).

EP CAVALCADE April 1932



Limber does it...

Then, after the shower, Terry leaps into action . . . he calls this the "Sh-Up" and, judging from general impressions, it seems to be an eye-roller from all angles . . . it's good for the back and waist, Terry claims, as well as for extra subtlety after the staid bath. We'll take his word for it . . . and if he reads on unsteadily, he . . . er! . . . well, we're in the market.

CAVALCADE, April 1932 33



It seems effective, too. — why, we couldn't have done that even when we were also in temper. Let's! Lovely! And — oh boy! oh boy! you're talking us! Oh the way, we don't know exactly what Terry is doing in the background, but we hope he's enjoying it as much as we would be!

pointers to BETTER HEALTH



TIRED FEET . .

Are you having trouble with your feet? Do they feel tired at night? Well, here are two simple exercises. (1) With your legs on a footstool, stretch and separate your toes as far as possible, then grab with the toes but if trying to hold something briefly, until the feet begin to tire, (2) stand behind a chair with your hands resting on the back; place your feet with the big toes together and heels three or four inches apart, bend your knees slightly, rotate them outward without shifting the feet and toe position, (3) walk forward slowly and carefully 10 to 15 steps, just before each foot makes contact with the floor, turn the front part of the foot inward as far as possible—oppon-toed position. Foot-stands so strengthened will reduce fatigue.

SPRAIN . . .

If you're the energetic type, you're probably going to sprain your ankle (or something) one of these days. Here's the antidote: Soak a handkerchief or towel in cold water and wrap it around the offending joint, keep unwinding the bandage after a few hours, strap up with an elastic stocking plaster or a wide bandage and keep the injured part at rest. If you have hurt your arm or wrist support it in a sling; if your ankle or knee,

rest your leg on a low stool. If the swelling is abnormal, send for a doctor.

ONIONS . . .

Eating lots of onions every day will make you healthier in a week, claims Ivar Chagnon (U.S.) doctor in a report to the Federation of American Scientists for Experimental Biology. Under the direction of the doctor, Michigan University College of Medicine students ate over two lbs. of cooked onions a day in addition to their regular food. After five days, they all felt very tired, their finger-nails were pale, and blood counts showed a red cell drop of as much as a million and a half at the end of seven days. The group will continue its study to find whether onions should be banned from the diets of high-altitude pilots and persons doing strenuous physical work.

BLOOD PRESSURE . . .

Surgeon removal of the adrenal glands (one of which lies over each kidney) has helped overcome certain types of high blood pressure which threaten death, reports Harvard (U.S.) University medical school, professors, Dr. J. Marshall Hurler. The operation has been tried on 24 patients, nine of whom showed distinctly beneficial symptoms. These patients are being given adrenal hormones by hypodermic injections.

THE GLAMOROUS "1500"

FRANK BROWNE



It's nice to win an Olympic Medal of any sort, but some of the events carry much more prestige—and glamour, too—than any of the rest.

IN Olympic Records, no one event has any more importance than the others. A Man wins an Olympic medal . . . and that's that. But in actual fact, some events carry more prestige than others. One of them is the 1500 metres.

There was nothing very sensational about the first Olympic 1500 metres race. Ernie Fleet, of Australia, running for Great Britain, topped off his earlier triumph in the 100 metres, with an easy win. At Paris, four years later, the race took everything else that happened at that Olympiad and ran in an atmosphere of complete confusion. It was run on a Sunday, and

that resulted in half the British who were from the U.S.A., refusing to run. It was won by Bennett, of Great Britain, in nearly half a minute faster time than had been registered by Fleet at Athens.

At St. Louis, in 1904, the 1500 turned into a clumsy event . . . and has stayed there ever since.

France came to the race in 1908 at the Stockholm Games. In the final, out of fourteen starters, seven were Americans. It was the best middle distance line-up that the U.S. had ever had. John Paul Jones, the world record holder, Mel Sheppard, holder of

the title, Norman Tabor, O. Holstrand, E. C. Modena, W. McAtee, and Abel Kivert were the Yanks. The men they were most frightened of was A. N. Jackson, of Britain. They decided to run in a team. The idea was to let Jones and Kivert run for the tape, with the others running three ahead behind in the last lap. This would leave any challenger to run very wide, and get past them. One of the other favourites, also from Great Britain, was C. J. Noel-Baker.

The gun cracked, and away they went, with Arnold of France setting a terrific pace. He led for two laps, and then Wals of Sweden took over. Jones and Jones had him covered, and so the bell rang for the final lap, both about past him. Behind them Tabor, Jones, and the Flying Sheppard put out their screens. Jackson, Britain's hope, was well back. His chance of reaching the leader looked pretty dim.

Noel-Baker, with the quick thinking that was to carry him to a British command on the Western Front in the War that broke out two years later, decided to do something. "Come on, Jack!" he yelled, and headed for the outside, with a headlong sprint. Jackson, paced by the flying Baker, got much closer in the next two hundred yards than he ever could have done without the pushing. "With a hundred yards to go, Baker dropped, exhausted. By this time Jackson was going fast enough to sweep past the 'screen,' and go on to put down the leaders. He was running away, in time nearly seven seconds under the existing record.

The race eight years later at Antwerp saw the downfall of a man who had the crowd here that evidence of bettering would certainly have started at "odd-on." This was Joe Roy, the Chicago taxi-driver, who was likely

to smash his own record, every time they put him down. In the final, Roy made a couple of errors of judgment. The last he could do finally, was eighth place.

The Paris Games of 1924 saw the race created with a new interest. Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn, who had dominated the long distance events at Antwerp, had put in his name for the 1500. Few people thought it possible that a man could train himself for both the distances needed for 1000 and 1500 metres, and still give a enough speed to win the shorter race.

It worked out that the critics just didn't know Nurmi, the first-classed Finn, was the greatest runner that the world had seen. He was, as usual, stop watch in hand. He took the lead not long after the start, and began to pile on the pace. When everybody expected him to do, was what so many other long-distance runners do, when they tackle distances too short for them. They thought the pace would tell on him. But he went into his third lap with the same vigour that had been noticed in his first two. The brother that everybody had to take was conspicuous by his absence. Clockers found that his top times varied hardly at all. He finally went through the tape the leader of a distant pack of weary runners, in time that shattered the previous record by three seconds. Within two hours, he was to try with the 5000 metres field.

Four years later, France, with only one track and field Olympic victory in the history of the Games, had everything won up. Julius Ladromagne, unquestionably the finest mile, or three-quarter mile in the world, was crowned as a curiosity, not only by his own countrymen, but by the world at large.

Nurmi wasn't starting in the short race this time. But neither Finn does

the same town, Alva, was a runner. This was a 22 years old watchmaker. Harry Larve. A professor of Herring's, he had been taught plenty of tricks by the Master.

Ledwanger never looked in danger of defeat. This is far the first fourteen hundred metres. The classically styled Frenchman led by ten yards, and nothing was making much impression on him. Then Larve passed. He didn't shorten or lengthen his stride. He just stopped at the number of strides that he was taking, as a boat over does when the one oar for a list down.

He caught the Frenchman right on the top, and beat him.

Jack Lovelock, the N.Z. Rhodes Scholar developed into a master batsman over a long lap course. Others could, and did, run better times in events without him. But except for four defeats by Stanley Wooderson in 1926, he was invincible. And there is no question that the Wooderson defeats were at a fairly early stage of his Olympic progression.

The field for the Berlin Final, as usual, bristled with famous names. There was Cunningham, Gunn, Vincke, and Ben Beamon, of U.S.A., Bengali, whose time said he was a better runner than he had been at Los Angeles, Miklos Szabo of Hungary, Phil Edwards, still a good distance runner. Gunn, runner up in 1926 and Erik Ny of Sweden.

Over the first stage, Cunningham gained still further ahead, and was an unobtrusively 2 minutes 22. He had not only crushed the record himself but earned the field along so fast that the four next men behind him all broke the coldest Olympic record.

After a break of thirteen years, the Olympic Games broke out again in London, in 1948. Added perhaps by years of inactivity, Swedes had de-

veloped a trio of magnificent 1000 metre men. They were Leonard Strand, Gösta Eriksson, and Håkan Kilbom.

The hosts concluded with Leonard Strand apparently a world's certainty. "Never 'off the bat,'" he had looked his way around, to record 2 34.2 seconds. It was the slowest heat of the Swedish trio, but whatever they had been pushed out, he had run virtually unopposed.

Strand was a wisp of a man, back on the lines of Jack Lovelock, and most of the other great middle-distance men. This probably cost him the race.

Between beats and dust, at raised, and raised hand. The slender track loomed a box. It became a test of strength as well as speed.

When the gun cracked, Henshaws, of France, took the lead, and Strand settled himself down behind him, obviously doing well within himself, and ready to take over at the vital stage. This went on for 1000 metres. But then, it was not Strand, but his competitor, Kilbom, a 22 year old feebly heavily built dresser, who made the move. He jumped past both, and set up a fast lead. Strand let him stay there, until the straight was reached.

Then he headed out his effort. He moved steadily on Kilbom, until, with yards to go, he caught him. Catching him was one thing, passing him another. The race was looked together for a few strides and then the smaller man crashed. Henshaws moved on to win in 2 39.2, a great run on a heavy track.

That's the 1000 story to date. The winner of the event this year at Helsinki is possibly as well equipped as have been most of the winners of the past. Only one thing is certain, he'll have to be good.



"I thought to-day would never come."

THEY COPPED A COW

There was a screaming bang and then . . . panic, at Kota Bharu, the Malayan campaign had claimed its first of the few enemy casualties.



C. EDWARDS

SUNDAY, December 16th, 1941, was a still, hot day in Malaya. Over all life that day brooded an irritating disquiet that was unexplainable, yet heavily charged with foreboding.

A Singapore newspaper had that evening announced in banner headlines that a Japanese attack against Malaya was imminent.

The newspaper story had been based on a R.A.A.F. pilot sighting a Japanese plane a few hours steering from Malaya.

Even when the report was confirmed, no action was taken by the authorities. They believed that the fleet, warships and transports, would mount

an invasion of Sumatra. They also believed that in the remote possibility of Japan invading Malaya, the Nips would be rapidly beaten off by the Malayan defense forces.

There was no belief that these preparations would be put to the test. Blackout had not been ordered; the day night life of Singapore was not interrupted or curbed.

It was the same throughout Malaya on this still, hot, moonlit night.

At only one place was there a note of alarm—at Kota Bharu on the Kelantan coast.

The majority of the town's population was at the picture theatre.

Suddenly, an explosion—from the direction of the beach it ascribed—erupted, drowning the many sound-bursts of the film. A voice yelled through the semi-darkness:

"The Japanese have landed! Down with the British!"

The picture theatre perished. The audience rushed to the exits, several were trampled underneath.

The panic ceased only when the lights were turned on, and a British officer said "Keep calm, the explosion was in the fireworks. The Japanese have not landed."

But the explosion was not at the fireworks. It was long gone—unappreciated by stragling to grass—thus had stopped in a bushland on the beach.

That was the first—if premature—caution in the war in Malaya.

The man who called out "The Japanese have landed?" was a 55th colonel.

Kota Bharu was a hot-bed of fifth columnists. And it was on the Kota Bharu beach that the Japanese made their first landings just after dawn on Monday, December 16th, 1941.

What was the extent of Japanese espionage in Malaya and Singapore in the years before the Pacific war? That is hard to estimate, but it must have been considerable.

Here is one story of Japanese espionage, the truth of which is attested on the records:

Amongst the passengers who disembarked at Singapore from a Japanese liner on November 23, 1941, were two modestly dressed, quietly spoken young Japanese.

We will call one of them Kato Ochiai, although that was not the name on the passport, a covering declaration in which described him as an employee of one of the trading concerns of Kurehira brothers, who processed iron-ore in Malaya.

The passport of the second man said that he was Kato Ochia, an author.

They were met at the wharfedale by Teikichi Nakamura, Singapore manager and a director of the Ishihara Sangyo Kaisha. He vouched for Ochiai. Thus was accepted without question. Nakamura was a well respected member of the Japanese community in Singapore and, amongst other things, President of the Japanese Society.

The passports were stamped after the nearest formalities, and Nakamura drove the young men away in his private car. He took them to the Tokoku garden, a gracie house on the Singapore coast. The young men retired early to their beds.

Ochiai spent most of the next day at the office of the Ishihara company. Ochiai saw the sights of the city, called at the Japanese Consulate-General looked in at the Japanese Commercial museum, and met several other high-ranking Japanese.

Ochiai was so busy that he could spare time only for a brief call at the Consulate-General. He was Nakamura's guest at lunch at the Japanese Club. The only other guest was Hiroshi Kikuchi, a prominent member of the Singapore Japanese community.

The men had no apparent regular occupation, but he was repeatedly a successful industrial speculator. He was a generous patron of the South Seas Association which sponsored every Japanese Malayan friendship entertainment.

The two young men returned to the gracie house early that evening. In the next few days they hardly left this pleasant resort. But they had many visitors.

Among the Europeans were humble-minded servicemen, who were stationed at defense points of growing importance on Singapore Island.

Articles of the Japanese Consulate-General were always at these parties.

The recently formed Special Branch of the Singapore police would have accepted the parties as a normal part of Japanese life—but for two slight incidents.

The first was the presence of a young R.A.F. non-com. at the parties on two successive nights. The second was that two gamblers were brought to the gambling house and returned to their barracks afterwards in a private car.

Oriskany had been under strict surveillance for some months.

The Special Branch decided to look a little more closely into these gambling house parties.

Their inquiries uncovered a sensational network of espionage and attempted bribery in which the two young Japanese were closely woven.

The young R.A.F. man admitted that he had been offered a substantial sum of money if he could produce a copy of the Air signal code. The gamblers said Oriskany had been trying to get information from them, and that Oriskany had offered each for any information they could pass on.

Police officers raided the gambling house at night on December 4 and talked with the two young Japanese.

The man we have named Oriskany was nervous. Under questioning he confessed that he was a Lieutenant-Commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy. He also confessed that he was engaged on a special espionage mission, that the cover for his work was the Ishihara Sangyo Kaisha, the whom he had never been employed; that his companion was a spy and that Yoshio Nakamura was fully instructed about them and had advanced funds for their work.

The man we have named Oriskany was more hard-headed. He would admit nothing, even when papers amongst

his belongings showed that he was a member of a stream-arm branch of the Black Dragon Society.

The two men were locked up for the night. Next day they were placed on board a Japanese liner leaving that evening for Japan.

The Navy officer had pleaded that no mention be made of their detention and deportation to the Japanese Consulate-General.

But that office was fully informed of the event almost as soon as it happened. So was a member of Japanese suspected of espionage activity.

Three of them hurriedly booked passage on the ship that took the dispatches from Singapore. Other associates went to ground.

Amongst them was Kikukawa, the special man. He and another suspected agent were flushed from their hide-outs two days later, held on warrant for some weeks, then deported.

One of the first calls the police made on the morning of December 5 was at the office of the Ishihara Sangyo Kaisha. They were looking for Yoshio Nakamura. Nakamura was out. A message was left for him to call at police headquarters at 3.30 o'clock that day.

Surprisingly, Nakamura kept that appointment.

As the clock at police headquarters showed 3.30 he stepped down his car, walked briskly into the Special Branch office, bowed elaborately and with great formality to the officer who met him, then, with a startled look, fell in a crumpled heap at his feet.

Yoshio Nakamura died a few minutes later without uttering a word.

A post mortem showed that cause of death was strychnine poisoning: the nearest verdict: Self-administered.

But—whatever you care to call it—it was "bare-knuck"—manly, perhaps, but still the old Big Game custom of "blowing."



"Maybe your wife doesn't understand you, but I do!"

DESIGNED FOR A

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 37)

Proposed by
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



Again featuring the trend for out-door living, CAVALCADE suggests a home plan in which the terrace is an important feature. This occupies a fairly large area and serves also as the main approach to the entrance door and to the car port.

The large combined living and dining room has double doors opening on to the terrace from the living room end, and large full length windows to capture the view from the dining end.

A feature is made of the open fireplace with a book cabinet built in on one side. The two bedrooms each have ample built-in wardrobes, and from one of these there is a chute direct to the laundry.

As the land falls away steeply at the rear of the building, the laundry is accommodated at a lower level underneath the main bedroom.

The minimum footage required to accommodate this house is 55 feet and the overall area excluding car port 1200 square feet.

STEEP DECLINE





A warning to all professional lecturers and also to some husbands who may be in grave danger of being overthrown.

BE WARY OF WENCHES

AL, the Indian! What would we do without thee? . . . And, please, let there be no puns. There is absolutely no need to answer.

Women, they're everywhere especially as at evening. Which makes them so necessary for vulgar jest. The attraction is distinctly nervous. Something must be done . . . BUT first, before the Material Male finds himself reduced to the status of drone in a feminine bee-hive (a post which would have considerable entertainment-value, but which for most men—might as the lamp run be dimmed—tends to overheat).

From now, the writing is on the wall

as well as everywhere else.

Periodicals of every shape, size and colour . . . even the latest columns of a bathos-produal Press . . . are littered with lures and better understandings by which wagsnets may more effectively trap a male.

Result? Men—who could once pick and choose with thoughtful pleasure—are in grave danger of being misled.

It's him then, he thinks and man had better prepare to defend himself.

So . . . with this handbook and in view . . . we offer a few hints on Counters which may be used to foil the most cunning of wenching manoeuvres.

A careful study of the literature of Sex-Appel has not yet by Arthur-Adapted has made the strategy of the unpassioned purports of the almost only too painfully evident to us. Whittling down, then plan of attack as based on SIX STANDARD WILES.

Wile One: "The first secret of Sex-Appel is an implied sensuality."

This secret the ladies by which the Female Fascinator character referred to as the FF) sets her snares, not by directness as soon as she has been introduced . . . /! She achieves this (as guests) by sitting and thinking "I know he finds a strong attraction for me; I can read it on his face, and he knows I am aware of his looking!" Whereupon the Male Victim thereafter referred to as the MV) becomes conditioned by thought-transference, leaves his lamp protected his chest; registers impatient sympathy, and waits. Neurological cases (commonly termed "The Covert's Reflex"). This wile—though not sensually lethal—is nevertheless dangerous. If it succeeds, it will undoubtedly lead to something much more serious. The MV must therefore restrain his ardour and resort to the flow . . .

Counter: The MV should also sit alert, thinking, "Her slight shyness." After a second or two, he should go in to remark sensationally "A penny for your thoughts!" Thus causing what is called "A Questioning." As it would be highly embarrassing for the FF to confess what she really is thinking at the moment, she must either repeat instantaneously with a good, swift he or utter a spasm of nervous stammer. In the latter case, the MV must fall pale and keep his eyes shut. Women, however, are notorious for their ability to produce a heart-wrenchingly convincing lie as the spur of any moment and so the MV must be on his guard against . . .

Wile Two: "The second secret of Sex-Appel is to speak with your eyes."

The reason for this is that the FF's eyes "are the windows by which most men are able to see her implied sensuality . . . and so become subverted." The text-books add that the MV becomes sublimated fastest if the FF's eyes are capable of "registering subtle shades and nuances of meaning." **CKD:** The procedure prescribed for cultivating these "shades and nuances" is for the FF "to stand in front of a mirror and, covering her face except her eyes with cardboard, to watch the expression on her eyes as the spectators love, desire, hate, gloat, leer, jeer, flatter . . . and desperation!"

It is this last condition which the MV should aim at arousing by employing the second . . .

Counter: Oh, rather, use of two Counters—A, and B. Counter A is in some circles frowned upon as being on the brutal side. It consists of the MV staring right at the FF, keeping hysterically from his seat; and shouting in an appalled voice "Good God, girl! You must not be a factor! You've got St. Vitus Dance!" This treatment rarely fails except with the most insensitive of eye-witness, but MV's with their feelings generally incline more towards Counter B. Here the MV permits the FF to eye herself into full factor before he whimpers sensually "Good heavens, how that not in your eye must be hurting you!" the while extending a handkerchief (preferably heavily scented and moist) "Here, wipe it out with that!" If the FF recoils in paying revulsion, the MV again scores full points and adds two for "A Salvo!" On the other hand, if the FF accepts the handkerchief and, maybe, even shakes a word of thanks the MV must wait . . .

Wile Three: "The third secret of Sex-Appel is the use of your voice."

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

... Or his wife, either? Not the U.S. Army, anyway! Recently a she-robin demonstrated her femininity by throwing Camp Attentive, Indiana U.S., into a lullaby. Striking terror, two top attorneys discovered her nesting atop a tent-pole. There were four blue eggs in the nest.

Sought was a Colonel Stacey's decision, "Any day now the stark will deliver four young robins; the nest must stand."

Experts are unanimous that an "electric, scolding voice" is "utterly unbecomable" to men. The FF is accustomed to listen to gossiping remarks of Gloria Hayes, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Donald Duck, the Mike-Gladys-Mayer team et al et al; select the more "electrically compelling" of their taunt, and model her speech on them. Required Remitt: Love at first sound. . . Indeed, of course, the MV wrecks himself of the next authorized. . .

Comment: This is disgusting itself. The MV need merely extend a pocket of forced laughter, disconcerting meanwhile on cold-in-the-head and the susceptibility of several men. If the FF's voice must be a lolly lullaby, the MV must more often fill points and add reason for "A Howler." However, should the FF maintain the language with a reasonable initiation of enjoyment, the MV must recognize that he is about to be confronted with. . .

Wife Four: "The fourth event of Sex-Appel is subtle history."

It is a basic principle of the art of

Sex-Appel that "no man can help responding to a girl who shows a genuine interest in herself and her work. . . . He quickly senses it and responds eagerly." Naturally, the MV so assumed his no recourse but to be "drawn positively closer" to the FF. . . except that, now and again, he may fall back on a really new. . .

Comment: And one which demands some comment. Here everything depends on the MV's patience. He must wait placidly until the FF finally grows with frankly "irresistible" fervor, "I suppose you have an extra wonderful-a-u-i-pole?" "Yes," he then replies, having his head to hide a blush of conscious pride. "I am employed as a St. Bernard dog at the Seacrest Hotel." If the FF keeps like a chicken in the direction of the nearest padlock, the MV is awarded an animal bonus for an "Eweest." But if the FF responds with a bark of leapy laughter (or gaily unburke on a shaggy hand awkward), the MV must end himself for. . .

Wife Five: "The fifth event of Sex-Appel is immediately."

This clearest Opportunity are unnecessary at most important in "no early desire relationship" when the MV is "looking out" the FF. And it must be handled delicately "immediately." On all practitioners point with "no to achieve with a light touch." The FF must not let him Clark Gable or Sarah the Sphinx "Thousand, but restrained, with a subtle use of all her power" . . . That's the idea to leave the MV hypnotized with the FF's "sensitive mystery." One or two down and the MV can be expected to have all inhibitions become obscured with a man to have "what makes the FF tick"; and—"provoked and baffled"—and "in a state of blind and even desperate love." Only the most three-dimensional of MV's ever survive

this test. And. . .

Comment: And undeniably a desperate measure, in which Surprise is All. For maximum effect, the MV, faced with the FF's inscrutable aspect of mystery, must suddenly clutch at her throat, breathe furiously down her neck and yell "BOON!" If the FF falls for her face, the MV is alerted his total score multiplied by seven for "A Howler" and is allowed, if he wishes, to retire from the scene. Vice versa, if the FF falls in the opposite direction and collapses into his knees, the MV must become alert for a Wife which has been there all the time and has only now caught up with him. It is. . .

Wife Six: "The final event of Sex-Appel is personal grooming."

Known as "Making the Most of Yourself" this Wife is much favored by FF's. Clearly, it demands that the FF's perfume should be "ardent but not overpowering"; her clothes should accustom "her physical beauty" (blouses and hair-dolls are highly recommended); and she should occasionally take a bath. Thus the MV cannot fail to compare her "True personal grooming" favorable with his pet rose-hone and will be "irresistibly" impelled to take a chance. . . unless by some mischance. . . he has backed a string of wrong "his, which will lead him to his death and final. . .

Comment: And if the MV doesn't handle this, he's gone. According to protocol, the technique is: The MV shall extend the forefinger of his right hand, run it slowly round the neckline of the FF's dress, withdraw his digit as if stung by a wasp, and blast sympathetically "Dash-uh! Gosh-uh! You must be cold! Let me wrap you in my coat!" If the FF crosses him with her handkerchief he is declared "Four Fushes!" and departs, bowed but undisturbed. . . "The Winch!" Contrivance. If the FF actually st-

leaves the MV to wrap her in his coat, he. . . w. . . or. . . well, there is a Gosh, dearrrrr!

But perhaps you'd better save ourselves with banished beds. . . just in case.





double column

• **International Note** When Gaudrea was a girl, she didn't do the things girls do to-day, but then she didn't do the things Gaudrea do to-day, either. • **Financial Footnotes** The thing that keeps a man financially bent is having to face his bills and face them all at the same time. • Which reminds us that a bank is a place where a husband makes due allowance for his wife's shortages. • **Gracious-Loving Department** There once was a man who always called a spade a Spade—until he tripped over one in the dark. • **Therapy** some obvious proofs of relativity—looking us to remark that the only time some men turn the other cheek is when they've chewed the first. • **And—**as our Barbering Bureau hinted when he was letting up the price-taken—dandruff reveals something really important about a man: he still has hair. • **Family Features** Every wife's hope—to be weighed and found wanting. • In which regard, we must confess that we never had a chance to agree with our wife . . . words fall us. • Then, of course, there was the hopped who had a tilt with her Amor officer friend . . . obviously a rift with the Elixir. • Our Time Film Fan opines that there should be a Unlucky degree awarded for actors . . . Bachelor of Paris, no doubt? • And, while we're on the subject, there seems no harm in pointing out that there are blains they come to a student when he's out with a woman, and leave him when he's with an exam paper. • Still, worse than happen: Our Catholic College complains that our habit of talking to oneself wouldn't be so bad . . . if we weren't such a damned bore. • To Old Time Records Shoppe: The blains in the past let a remark that he's got a new complaint: he's suffering from a double-d-dish, but wife threw a considerable round at him. • **Doctor-Who-Who-Tell** Bureau: the market at both ends is one sure way of going out like a light. •

OUR PRIVATE QUIZ: Question: A girl had a 3 ft. rope tied to its neck: there was a heap of garbage 30 ft. away; the girl wanted the garbage and eat it. How did he do it?

ANSWER: The other end of the girl's rope wasn't tied to anything, so the girl just strolled over and ate it.

KATH
KING

BATTLE OF WITS

BY PAUL BELTMAN

AND SYLVIA GARDNER

POUNCE THROUGH A
WIND-EMO OF NIGHT
WIND WHIRLING BLAST
TO MEET WITH WIND
WIND THAT THE BEST
OF LAUGHING GET
TWO . . .



... AND SHOWERED WIND A
WIND OF GROUND TEND
WIND A FURROW IN THE
WEATHER IS INDICATED



AS THE WIND PRESSENTS
AND THE LAUNCH IS
STRIPPED, SHE LOSES
SIGHT OF LAND, AND
KNOWS SHE IS DRIFTING
INTO TROUBLE.



DRAWING A COAT ROUND
HER, KATH COMES TO
WARPATH SHE SCUTTLES
THE SAUCE OF A SMALL
VESSEL, DOWN, HEARD.



AS KATH WING CLINGS
TO SAFETY, THE STORM
BREAKS ACROSS THE
SEA. THE SEAS
ARE ONLY TASTING THE



KATH MEETS HER
SPOILED TRAWLER,
CAPTAIN JONES.



UNTIL SHE REALIZES
THAT THE BOAT, AT THE
END OF A BOAT-ROPE,
WILL MAKE IT TO
ATTRACT ATTENTION.



KATH'S MIND BELAYES.
ON A BOAT, COMES
ON FROM THE TRAWLER
TO PICK HER UP.



KATH SENSES NO
DANGER IN THE
CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE.



WE CAN'T PUT YOU
ANYMORE.



THE MEN IN THE BOATING
BOAT THROW HER A
LINE, AND SHE'S OFF.



"THE HARD WORK OF
TOWING THE LAUNCH
WITH A BOAT
BEGINNING."



WHO WILL YOU PHONE?



JONES SPEAKS TO
CLARKE, HIS MAATE.



JANE'S GIVEN MEAL SOME
CLOTHES AND
LEAVES HER TO CHANGE



SORRY TO BE HURRY
WITH YOU LIKE A DRUNK?
DON'T APOLOGIZE
I LIKE ONE



AND HERE THIS?



SHE'S OUT FOR A
WHILE, JANE



SO JANE DECIDES TO BE
FRIENDLY AND
WITH DRINK TOGETHER



I MUST BE "SEASON"



WITH BATH OUT OF THE
WAY JANE AND
CLARENCE DECIDE TO
TAKE JANE TO THE
ILLI. J. CARRON FROM A
PASSING TRAMP STEAMER



AS CLARENCE FALLS A
SLEEPING SHE HEARS
NO. AND A BOAT
ON TO BRING ITS
OVERBOARD PERSONALLY
TO JANE'S PERSONAL



I'VE NEVER SEEN
THE. CLARENCE
JUST TAKE YOU AND
THE BOAT UP UNTIL
WE GET THE CARGO



NO SEARCHING EVER
DO YOU TO HAVE ME



JANE, HALF STUNNED FROM
THE EFFECTS OF HER
DRUGGING, FINDS THAT
SHE CANNOT MOVE
BUT SHE CAN HEAR.



JANE REALIZES THAT SHE
HAS BEEN DRUGGED AND
IS A PRISONER. SHE
LISTENS TO THEM OUTSIDE





KATH FINALLY STIRRED
AT LAST, SHE SAW A
CAMOUFLAGE AT THE END
OF THE MAIN STREET
WHERE THE JETTY IS



KATH SEES THE POLICE
BOAT HEADING IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE NEW
SMUGGLERS ARE CAUGHT



EVERY BLAME HE TO HAVE TO
BE PROSECUTED WITH
KATH, WHO WAS ONLY
WIFE OF THE MAN
AND A RESPECTABLE MAN
AT KATH IS GLAD TO FIND
A GOOD LOVER



AS ONE OF THE CURIOUS
SPECTATORS WITH
WATCHED THE POLICE
STRENGTH WITH AND
OVERHEARD TWO
AND HIS ASSOCIATES
AND RECALLED HIS
MESSAGE HAS BEEN
EFFECTIVE WITH THE



HASTILY SUMMONED TO
PHOTOGRAPH THE NEW
SMUGGLERS POLICE BOAT
ARRIVED BY ONE AND HE
SURPRISED TO FIND
KATH ON THE SPOT



TRUCK DRIVERS WENT BACK
TOWARDS HOMEST COUN-
TRY

THERE IS NO WAY TO RETURN
A HOLIDAY
IF BRING UP
THE MENTIONS OF
THE FORTY-ONE BUT
PLEASE TAKE ME BACK



REMEMBER - ROAD COURTESY MEANS ROAD SAFETY!



Published in the interests
of Road Safety by
**THE COMMONWEALTH
OIL REFINERIES LTD**
(Commonwealth of Australia and
Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. Ltd.)

Had anybody ever reported the case of a carpenter
"swallowing" a duck? Old-timers jibbed off the story.

dora and a duck

I can't say that my sister was entirely to blame; there were several other complaining factors. But she did suspect the "Peeper" and she selected the spot for it. Of course, it had to be near Dora's camping place.

My sister should have had more sense. We had all heard of Dora . . .

Dora was—as the backwood—the last of her tribe, and the Old Timers of the district were inclined to agree with her. At least, they claimed that, to their knowledge, she had outwitted about half-a-dozen husbands and no community on earth could survive a death-rate of that sort.

But whatever were the rights and wrongs of the case, she had remained that Dora now lived in lonely widow-

hood and a back-hung down near the beach. . . or, rather, she lived on comparatively lonely widowhood. Dora was a prominent character and she was also an animal lover. Deprived of the companionship of her kin, she had collected around her an entire constellation of birds and ducks, as well as a floating population of roving cats and even more headstrong and roving rats.

Dora cherished all these odd-ments of hers dearly, but her tenderest affections seemed to be lavished on the birds and ducks. She was a large woman. Besides, if anything, than the Ant of Spades and much more shrewy—and she took her pets (usually) to her ample bosom.

Those few hardy explorers who had penetrated into the wildest gloom of her humpy reported that it was furnished nearly by a small back fire-place, an out-croon in iron-framed double-beds and two stupendous lithographs . . . one depicting the Thin Red Line standing, battered and sobbing, at Hialeah, and the other illustrating the Coronation of Queen Victoria (with whom Dora manifestly admitted a close blood-relationship).

The double-bed like explorers added with cheerful relish was impartially shared by Dora, any fowls or ducks which might be brooding, and an oc-

The ducks shared some more with extra warmth; my sister and I jibbed against.



cannon, perhaps two or three female cats or dogs who had been cunning enough to get themselves in the position of "inspecting shortly."

Dora's white muslinettes received the explorer's assaults with pleasant shudders of revulsion and her human choice of bad-manner was widely discussed. "Just what you'd expect," my mother and her cronies were almost unanimous in agreeing each other with unconvincing blitheness, but the Old Farmers, with a sturdy pioneer optimism, were disposed to offer a more rational explanation. To their minds, Dora's whorl was not so gross as she appeared at first sight; they had a hint of good, sound common-sense. "Wasn't the whole district infested with carpet-baggers?" the Old Farmers argued. "Didn't every whitey within miles let himself down about the size of the serpent he had abandoned and discommodated, to criticize how many scores of overworked slaves?" Q & D. The reason for Dora's action was understandable. She was merely doing the sensible thing and making quite certain that no carpet-bagger could poison her pets behind her back.

So, that morning—as my mother and I were setting off, burdened by the billows, the slabs of corn meal and bread, the box of matches and the trust of tea which comprised the usual equipment of our "jaunts" . . . my mother heard two urgent warnings. "Look out for snakes!" was the first. "And see you keep well away from Dora!" was the second.

Naturally, my mother immediately directed our steps through excellent white country straight towards Dora's hill-side.

We did not, however, arrive unannounced. Our approach was heralded by an immensely polite, whistling, quacking, clucking and cawing and, as we entered the clearing, a bodyguard of snarl-ruffed hounds

formed up to escort us past a platform or an of hinds and ducks in the direction of Dora's bumpy.

We had almost reached it when Dora herself emerged to greet us. She was accompanied by a large white drake which weddled to a strategic position on her rear and bowed vigorously at us.

My sister and I jibbed to a nervous halt. The drake bowed some more and rubbed its reptilian neck against the folds of what Dora had evidently deluded herself into believing was a shawl.

Today, I realize that the pair of doves must have given a vivid if somewhat exaggerated impression of Lark's activities with the amorous Shaws; but I was then too young for such thoughts. I was also too busy trying to insert my sister inconspicuously between myself and the drake. As my sister had apparently been inspired by the same confusion, we collided heavily and the billows fell to the ground with a hysterical clump.

The drake seemed to take the noise as a personal insult. It bowed louder than ever and even weddled a foot or two towards us. My sister and I shrank, Dora surveyed us with an air of thoughtful awe.

"You gibber bumpy!" she asked at last . . . without any pronounced hope; but more as if she didn't want to risk an opportunity of hurting herself in pursuit for better prospects. "Ain't got none?" I corrected.

"Gibber talker!" then," snarled Dora, refusing to accept defeat. The drake underlined her request with a watchful threat of his back.

It is doubtful whether my sister was more appalled by the drake or by an earnest attempt at coining on into wedding such levity comments of courtesy as were charity.

"Do so much thing!" she persisted. Dora frowned her with a glance

at sleek slinkers. "Talk-ah!" she added bitterly, "Flurry up-jobs! protection, you better, yes!"

"Huh!" endorsed the drake.

"Commoned Greater than!" I interrupted my sister vigorously and departed for the scrub under full steam. As my sister was unimpaired for my sake-off, she was at a slight disadvantage; but she bent us to the other side of the clearing by several strands of hair.

Finding us said-sure, I turned to re-establish my prestige. "Glow, who goes to sleep with ducks on her chest?" I was about to follow an offensive remark when I suddenly noticed that I might as well save what breath I had left from the goose-pick. Dora had weddled . . . presumably to walk in the composed indifference of her honey. Only the drake was visibly active. It was weddling with suggestive persistence on our tracks. It bowed gently to itself and its neck swung rhythmically to and fro like a snake getting ready to strike. From its general demeanor, I gathered that—no doubt by some strange intuition—it had gained my unspoken misgivings and was revealing them deeply. So, it seemed, was my sister.

"Shurrup, you!" she started, totally unimpressed by my burst of bravado and dressed into undisturbed probability. "Dyer want down drake to be the death of us?" In a spirit of dead leaves, she faded further into the bush. Halfheartedly, I followed her.

We slackened pace on the bank of the creek (which saved Dora, her ducks, her fowls, her assorted combs and fillies and my sister's grace going in the vicinity as a combined warning and warning-system) and gazed warily about us. We listened. The birds seemed suspiciously silent. I put out my arm to bend aside a b-

tree branch. There was a hollow clink. My sister and I bounded like startled hares and I was startled to observe the billows arising from my feet. (To this moment, I have an accurate idea of how it came then.) "Fowl!" observed my sister anxiously. We listened some more. Except for the wind in the leaves and the constant lowering of a distant cow, there was no sound. Not even a squeak.

Rendered reckless by strength, I mentally censured all Forestry Officers to several vulgar Latin insults expressing that lack of misanthropic sympathy disturbed us from seeking my necks—were I and kindled a fire on the verge of a charmingly tin drake clump of undergrowth. Then, flaring the billows from the creek, I set it on the fire to hell.

Flashed by a wavering veil of grass-weeds and bindy-grass, my sister appeared on a small, rounded hill which somebody sitting house-black had either forgotten or abandoned and, looking serious—was, engaged herself in unwrapping the slabs of corn meal.

Having provided myself with the rest of tea and a hefty bag in the best professional manner, I searched opposite my sister and reloaded the billows with a hypnotic glare, for fear it should outguess me by boiling before its time.

The fowls behaved indignantly, a duckling snarled at me from the side of the billows, now and again a cow pugged with a knife crackling on one-sugar bubble or two broke the surface of the water, the lowering of the distant cow belittled to a dependent note; the wind passed gently along the tree-tops. My sister removed languidly on her leg and changed at a slab of corned beef.

For an instant, I transferred my gaze from the billows to her . . . partly to rebuke general gluttony!

we waded into the dawn.

My sister sprinted into a narrow gully and promptly shut out again as if she was a guided missile back-firing. She exploded square in my face.

Disembelling myself from the road, I backed heroically in an effort to shift my sister from my shoulder-blades. I confirmed my sister's duck-out suspicion. "Murder! Murder! Murder!" she yelled in an ecstasy of despair. I took her word for it and rapidly disconnected to re-assembled myself in the sand.

"Not Not Not murder!" someone disclaimed hastily. "Just looking for Douglas, that's all."

As I did not seem so far to have suffered any lethal wound, I was partially reassured.

I rubbed one eye clear of grit and squinted suspiciously upward. Looming above us I glimpsed what, at first glance, appeared to be an escapee from the walls of Living Skeleton. A second squint convinced me that it was Old Tom Jonte.

My heart heaved one sledge-hammer thud of relief and I relaxed. In a way, Old Tom's reappearance was not a great improvement on Dave's. He, too, lived in a hut near the beach; he, too, was a poultry farmer; and—on native clay—it was commonly rumored that once, when he was comparatively hospitalized, they had had to wash off five angles before they unarched his skin. But as he had not been on speaking terms with Dave for the past ten years, I felt I could count on him as an ally.

"Murder be damned! Watch-the-tilts the meaning of this?" he growled, yanking my sister out of her harness.

"It's Dave . . . she's after us . . . with a whisky," I explained. "I have never believed in speaking a good story for want of a few drinks."

"Yeah! And she's going to eat our

throat, she is!" my sister answered blood-thirstily.

Old Tom snuffed the air like a war-horse preparing for the fray.

"Not to she then?" he went, continued to have an excellent corner for potting lumps with an army of such long standing. "Lead me to her!"

"All right, you go first," suggested my sister gallantly.

Stomaching wisely on his heels, we advanced with Old Tom to the creek and our late "picnic" spot. The locality seemed deserted. There was not a sign of Dave . . . and even less of the drink. But the rankings of a very satisfactory back-fire were doing where we had lit our fire.

"Not! Trying to burn out the drink, too, is she?" growled Old Tom, suspiciously stamping on the flames. Neither my sister nor myself could see that any good purpose would be served by continuing him.

"I'll have her back for this," murmured Old Tom menacingly and strode cautiously off somewhere in the direction of Dave's hump.

Wearing Dave's bumps, Old Tom followed uncertainly, mutteringly checking at the end of tobacco as he hunched with down-disapproval to the usual cackling, haying, weaving and quacking of Dave's playmates. (With some reason, they seemed to be able to scent him further than they could us.) Then he spat determinedly and marched into the clearing.

"Not! Hiding in the hump, hey?" Old Tom asked himself rhetorically and murmured himself by heaving through the doorway. Flat crashed to silence that, my sister and I pressed in, too.

At first, we stood semi-blinded in the massive twilight. Gradually, however, a flitting, shapeless figure materialized through the field made with an eerie rattle.

"Ghosts!" gasped my sister and sh-

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THE BEST IN SPORT



ADAM

The magazine for men

about jerked himself down my throat. But I was above superstitious quavers when confronted by the allegedly supernatural, besides, I couldn't see my fingers free. I jerked my arm back into formation.

"Ho, so it's you, hey?" greeted Old Tom. As he spoke, the figure seemed to lift itself from the floor by some species of levitation and descended with water-flying arms. There was the unmistakable ring of torn cotton as it someone had stepped on a shirt. "Good!" came a reluctantly drawn "Bust!"

"Why, it's only Doris!" my sister announced herself with apogee astonishment.

Doris didn't bother to deny it. She was plunging in a measured fashion at Old Tom and beating her outstretched arms in the approved manner of women who wish to fly up chimney.

"No foul about it!" asserted Old Tom blithely, assuming a staunch gnomish's dignity at would-be magical surroundings. "Water you been up to, hey?"

Doris opened her mouth in its widest capacity thus transforming her face into a cavity neatly surrounded by teeth and windy sought for phrases whatever enough to express her sense of outrage. Finding none, she closed her facial cavity with a strangled gulp.

Instead of speech, Doris resorted to a highly complicated dead-and-dumb alphabet of her own devising. Fervently brandishing her hands first of which grasped a bottle of the malignant concoction that Maggie the Shanty-Keeper sold under the dubious title of "Rue" and the other of which held a battered powder tin-spoon, she offered up a mute prayer to her tribal Gods of Eloquence.

Her poise must have been in a benevolent mood. Doris was distinctly sup-

plied with a spokesman. From the nervous exposure of her double-bed, the drake-as at a high-tail-petted-up autumn, reptilian neck. It bowed stoically upon the floor of us; yowled aggressively; checked its back; belched; and swung blindly away to repose once more on the pillow.

"By God!" blasted Old Tom in a rushing sort of enraged exclamation. "It's Douglas! Douglas, are you drunk?"

The enormity of the crime seemed to deprive him, too, of the faculty of speech. For some moments, he observed fearfully and dazed at his throat.

"Do not confound with pushing him from his pen, you rotter, not him drunk as well," he finally contrived to gibber in a gutter of silence.

"And not who's been seeking him for dope?" he asked, the world's injustice heavily upon him.

Doris's body tensed so far as her limbs of fat allowed. Fortifying, she assumed the stance of an extra curtain being added to the Thin Red Line. Then solemnly crashed her. She dropped, deflated, and hung her head.

"Th, yoww! Bust! Bust! Indignity!" By all, too bad!" she confessed fervently, as belated the chief customer at her own wits, and quickly faced the contents of the bottle of "Rue" down her gullet.

"And plucky stopped precariously to blame," she choked oppressively in the manner of one committing Foulness Last Words to posterity.

My sister and I did not later to old God her death-throes. As a matter of fact, it was several days before we were game to venture far enough from home to learn whether Doris had survived and Old Tom had recovered his drake. Both had.

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ENIL PETAJA

Death (as they said) was the only cure for his disease . . . but death delays its own cure

trigger surgery

BLACK shadows tortured Phil Benson, lying on that curbed bed in his cheap hotel. They crawled out of the dark corners of his mind, uninvited, working. There is no other way out, they said. Kill yourself!

He wasn't anybody in particular. Just a nice, pleasant peppy guy. Phil Benson. Born in a small factory town, his folks died when he was a two-headed kid. He was raised in an orphan asylum. He had no big dreams, no special talents. Just an all-right guy, trying to get along in a make-believe world. He never expected to have as much as five hundred bucks all in a lump. But it didn't matter. He had his health, so what? Maybe a little rain in his pay check now and then okay.

Then he met Maria. He fell hard. The miracle of it was she felt the same way. She fell for the sherry dope with the thin, flecked face and chunky hands.

Just a couple of kids, nuts about each other. Small town stuff. When he met his first man and taught that old peppy, that was something.

Just, he would say to himself, awfully, I'd do anything for you, kid. I'd die for you. That's what he said. And taught he was going to prove whether he really meant it or not.

That is how it happened. Maria hadn't ever learned to drive.

It was on a sloping road out of town. Phil had promised to teach Maria to drive. She was doing fine when something went wrong under the hood. He

climbed out, lifted up the hood, and started tinkering.

Sometimes Maria got scared and let out the brake. The peppy started to roll downgrade. Phil tried to pump and pulled to Maria what she should do at the same time. He didn't make it. He fell under.

He would never forget Maria's face when he came out of it, at the hospital. It was pale as a sheet. She clung to his hand nervously "I'll make it up to you, Phil!" she sobbed.

He grinned. He didn't want her to know what he was going through. "I'll be swell, kid. Soon as I can, I'm going to San Francisco. They got fine doctors there. They'll have me like new in no time!"

But worse he was all wrong. The best doctor he could find gave it to him straight from the shoulder. He seemed all right, except for that stabbing pain in his back when he tried to walk. His legs were okay, he could navigate on them as good as anybody. In fact, to look at him just, you would never know.

"We'll repair yours," the doctor said simply.

"But it isn't bad?" Phil protested. "Just when I try to move too fast. That's all!"

The doctor shook his head. "It will get worse. It is progressive." In a year he would be fed on his back for good. Then his legs would go numb, then his arms, then his lungs. It might drag on five years.

"There's just one chance," he added. "An operation. There's only one man who'd try it. Unfortunately he's a very busy surgeon, and he comes high."

Phil, licked his lips. "How high?"

"Maybe five thousand."

Five thousand dollars? Night as well he five million.

He decided to stick around San Francisco a while. Think it over. One

thing was for sure. He wasn't going back and marry Maria. Make her life hell, watching him die day by day.

So now, after those tortured days and nights, the answer remained the same. Kill yourself!

The only thing left to decide was how. Phil had made no provision for that.

His back ached with a dull steady flame. Funny how he could move. His legs were fine. It hurt like hell when he swung them down to the floor and set up.

The floor was strewn with bottles. The room was a rat trap. It made a guy crawl just looking at it.

Phil was lighting a butt from the floor when he heard the man in the next room move around. The guy did a lot of peeing nights. Through the cardboard door wall Phil heard him in there. Now he heard the guy move out, rattle the key in his door lock, and crack down the front stairs.

It made him think of something. The last time Phil went to the shower—yesterday, maybe—the guy's door had been half open. He could see his legs on the bed. In the corner, on his shy dresser, was a gun. A revolver.

Phil hadn't thought much about it at the time. That was a tough district. A guy might keep a gun handy for protection. Now his thoughts focused on that revolver with a purpose. The man was out.

Phil's mind was hungry for death now.

Phil slipped out. He tied his own key to the guy's door. First it rattled, but he felt it give slightly. Putting all his strength into a single twist, he forced it to turn. The spring snapped. It was open.

Shortening the door nobly behind him, Phil placed around the room. Scared neighbors had troubles, too.

He turned to the dresser. A thud of despair shot through him when he saw

that the revolver was somewhere on it.

He started plunging through the drawers frantically. He found it tucked under some more dirty clothes, way in the bottom. His fingers closed around it. It had a comforting feel.

Phil's eyes went up for a last look at himself in the mirror. The man staring back at him out of it was a mess. Last-thin down his cheeks, his ears showed out of dark hollows. His hair was rumpled. He needed a shave. He looked like something out of a nightmare.

All at once Phil saw something else. Behind him, through the mirror, he saw the door knob turn. The door flung open and a man stepped in.

He was big and blocky. He had slicked-down hair, black hair. It came to a point down his forehead. His mouth was twisted and hard. Two-point eyes blazed at Phil. They were loaded with hate.

Still clutching the gun, Phil turned to mutter some feeble explanation. The guy didn't give him time.

"You won't get me!" he snarled out. Then he lunged.

He bulled his crooked out at Phil's face.

The fury in the man's eyes terrified him. He clung to the revolver stubbornly as the man fought to take it.

But Phil lost it. He slipped down to his knees. The man closed in above him.

With a groan of pain, Phil gave a convulsive wrench. The gun barrel jammed against the man. There came a sharp cracking sound. The gun pressed against his forehead with Phil's fingers on the trigger.

Above him the man's face twisted oddly. His heavy lids shutward, his eyes bulged. Then he slumped down

against Phil, face to the floor.

For some seconds Phil was too numb to move. He had killed.

It was the warm blood falling on Phil's hand that aroused his momentary paralysis. With a shivery sob he pulled out from under the dead man and stood up.

He looked at his hands. There was blood on them.

He let the gun fall, and ran. He didn't even feel the pain near his spine as he moved down the hall in a dash. Then he saw the landlady. She was an old mop-haired woman. She stood at the head of the stairs, clatching some towels and sheets. Suddenly the old man, door hadn't come out at all, just downstairs to ask the landlady for clean linen.

The look on her grained face. The way her eyes popped and her jaw slackened.

When she saw him coming, she screamed. She could see he was covered with blood. Phil pushed her aside and plunged down the steep stairwell.

Afraid outside he was too tired and sick to run any more. He sank down against the wall, money of a murky alley and sobbed. Then he fought to get hold of himself.

When he could think halfway straight he asked himself: What now? What was left for him?

He had to hide. Yes, that was it. He had killed a man. There was no have left just away with it. He wasn't a clever guy. Not very smart. He couldn't commit a footed crime if he tried. The landlady saw him. She'd not let the cops on his trail. Right now they were after him, backing his description over radios and telephones.

But—there didn't know his name, not his real one. There was nothing in that room to give him away.

Marie must not know. She must never know what happened to him. She would find somebody else. It

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would take time, but she was young. What happened to him didn't matter, but the cops had words of fluting flume out. If they caught him, they would somehow learn who he was, then Marie would become involved.

"I'd pay for his crime, sure. He would die. But the cops must never take him alive."

He rode a coast in a cabriolet to cover the blood on his clothes. He washed his hands in a gutter. Always he kept to the darkest streets and narrowest alleys.

His back thickened with a never-ceasing pain. To walk was almost agony, but he kept on going. He had to. He hung one foot ahead of the other grudgingly. He must get away, get as far as possible.

When he noticed a patrol car or a cop, he hid. Mocking voices out of his mind started torturing him. The pain became a mangled tale of torture that made him bite the blood out of his lips to keep from screaming aloud.

Then he saw him. He was like a phantom in the San Francisco for Tim. He remembered, but there was a long dark avenue; and a gray hat. His feet seemed to make no noise at all on the wet pavement. He would leave up suddenly out of the shivering fog, then he would vanish.

Finally Phil couldn't stand it any longer. If he was going nuts, he wanted to know it. When a sharp backward glance showed him that phantom figure moving behind him at the entrance he dashed in a doorway. His heart pounded in his throat as he waited. He watched the tall figure lean up, slide into the foggy light of a street lamp, then march on.

Phil looked at his feet. Rubbers. He wore rubbers. That was why his feet made no noise. But he was real. Phil's mind wasn't cracking, not yet. Phil dashed in an alley and slough-

ed ahead. After awhile he noticed a change in the air, a funny tang. He was close to the coast. He could hear it now. Soon he was walking along a dock. Ahead, crowded by bargains, was a pile of empty boxes near a dark warehouse. The tide was receding in, below.

He found an empty crate and crawled in. It was better said. Shivering, his mind raced for sleep. His eyes wouldn't stay open, but when he tried to sleep, the sharp needles of pain and the burning shivers pricked him awake.

Already he was good as dead. He thought suddenly. Why wait? Here was as good a place as any. He couldn't get much further. It was the end of his rope. The whole Pacific Ocean was out there, ready to help him.

He crawled out walked to the end of the pier. Below him, as he stared down, the black water writhed. It seemed to breathe and beckon him. The started wind stung his face. He was running. No more torturing pain. No more thinking to do.

Phil looked in a last breath of air, then jumped. He seemed to hear a voice about somewhere, maybe just a rumble in his ears. Then the black waters shot up and closed over his head.

Shivering bones moved above him. Phil floated across his body, then he felt something sharp jab his arm, and the pain left him.

Sleep. Muddled sleep. He wanted to sleep forever. That was all he asked.

Then he saw the angel. She looked just like Marie. Same red-gold hair. Same blue eyes. Same translucent skin. She was laughing and crying at the same time, as Phil forced his eyes open, as he could see her better.

Her lips moved down. They touched his. She kissed him over and over whispering, "It's all over, sweetheart. Everything is going to be wonderful

from now on. I'm sure of it."

He shook his head, saying. This must be part of that crazy last minute dream a guy has just before he goes out for good. Marie's face vanished, and he was sure of it.

But then another face looked down at him. It was a grim face, big, somewhat kind. Sharp gray eyes. A kind smile. It was the man who had reminded Phil of something, went a cold shiver, coming to his throat.

"Who—who?" he choked.

"Inspector George Horgan."

No. This was no dream. This was life—life with a little green door at the end of it. "You—you saved me," Phil rasped.

"Yes, son," Inspector George smiled warmly. "I lost track of you for a while, then I remembered the jaw I saw you jump."

"Why didn't you let me die?" Phil groined. "What are you going to do now?"

"First of all, I'm taking you and the young lady down to the hospital. You've been waiting two days for you to come out of it. She's getting a little impatient."

Phil stared. "But the man next door? I shot him?"

George nodded. "Well, believe me, George, look. I regret you the most cold-blooded killer I ever saw. He would have murdered you to death, same as he did all those others, if you hadn't shot him. He was a monster to marry. I want to be first to shake the hand that put him out of business." A killer, believe in this dusky room. And he shot him. It was as crime to kill a man like that.

Phil's confusion made him start up from the bed, but it ripped away quickly when he remembered something else. His injury. The operation on his spine. How could he marry Marie with that hanging over him? He sank back, sniffling a groan.

"By the way," Inspector George's voice cut through his silence. "I almost forgot. There's a reward waiting to the man who got Tupper. Ten thousand dollars." He chuckled, then moved at Marie. "I imagine that will come in mighty handy just now."

Phil's shining eyes met the girl's. Her blue eyes laughed with those happy faces. Something choked him, when he asked to thank the inspector. All he could say was, "Thank. Happy. Happy."

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Talking Points

ANAC . . .

Not for its dirt and horror and pain—though there can not be deception—but for its wit, its triumph in defeat and its reading of a nation, CAVALCADE this month presents "That Fox Yesterday," a first-hand account of the original heffies, by E. V. Turner. An original ANAC, Turner recalls that dawn so many years ago . . . and from his experiences he draws a moral which may be studied.

MORE DEADLY . . .

Many Raymond Kipling must take the responsibility for remarking that the females of the species is more dangerous than the male . . . but we suspect that if the Minister had encountered the Countess Teremova, even he might conceivably have wilted. The Countess Teremova was let loose among the comparatively helpless masculinity of the last century. For further details of her path in family ghoulies springs-on, read Wilkie Henry's "Delishious Several Serpents."

LEGENDARY . . .

Why hasn't Australia some figure of folk . . . like Europe's Jack the Giant Killer, with his seven-league boots.

Australia's Old Man of the Mountains or America's Paul Bunyan who straddled from mountain-top to mountain-top and used fir trees for a walking stick? It can't be that the necessary lack of imagination the entire rambling of coffee-shop loungers and all others of points north, south, east and west dispense that. Or is the country too young? Maybe . . . but in "Paul Bunyan of the Wholes," Cedric Norrington makes a suggestion . . . and a good one, too, for at some stage his hero out-Bunyan Bunyan.

THE SPECIES . . .

For a glimpse of Australia outside the office-on Australia that has not yet vanished—and a sketch of the children who live there, read Jack Freeman's "Dern and a Droke." It is authentic glimpses of the Queensland of its time and of many parts of the Queensland of to-day.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Look forward to CAVALCADE next month. It really does contain something for everybody. For Australia, read "Monstrous of the Finks"; For High Adventure, "Galleons of Disaster" and other vignettes of general mayhem; For Sport, a Frankie Bennett account of the most famous of Britain's watermen. Fiction, criticism and addition, too, will be just what you suggest, we think.

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